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Baby Land.

How many miles to Baby Land?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight;
To your right;
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby Land!
Little folks in white;
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby Land?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby Land?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a Birdie sings.

Who is Queen in Baby Land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

The Old Barn's Tenantry.

The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge,
He has a tail like a scimetar's edge,

A marshal's plume on his afghan neck,
An admiral's stride on his quarter deck,

He rules the roost and he walks the bay
With a dreadful cold and a Turkish way,

Two broadsides fires with his rapid wings
This sultan proud, of a line of kings—

One guttural laugh, four blasts of horn,
Five rusty syllables rouse the morn!

The Saxon lambs in their woolen tabs
Are playing school with the a, b, abs;

A, e! I, o! All the cattle spell
Till they make the blatant vowels tell,

And a half-laugh whinny fills the stalls
When down in the rack the clover falls.

A dove is waltzing around his mate,
Two chevrons black on his wings of slate,

And showing off with a wooing note
The satin shine of his golden throat!--

It is Ovid's "Art of Love" retold
In a bridling fine of blue and gold!

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys,
The noble Helens of humbler Troys—

As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From eight rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes

In the quaint old lantern's tattoed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within;

By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies.

I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The cider cup that the girls have kissed,

And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"

The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow

Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And fire merry pulse of the feet begin.

THE MATE OF THE GROWLER.

What a sublime head he has! and what a pair of whiskers! Next to brother Willie, he is the handsomest man I ever saw.

I met him quite accidentally. Strange that he should have come along just when I was in the midst of my reverie about Willie! He startled me half out of my senses, for I wasn't aware that any one frequented those woods but myself. Willie used to go with me sometimes before he left home. Poor fellow! We have made our last excursion together in this world.

Here I sat, feeding a couple of robins with crumbs, and humming an air to myself, while I pushed back the locks of hair which kept falling over my forehead and dangling in my eyes. Suddenly arose a voice behind me:

"By my soul, a mermaid! She's giving Mother Carey's chickens their mess."

I glanced around, turned a dozen colors at once, and tried to faint. If Willie's ghost had stood in that place, it couldn't have been more like him, with his six feet of manhood, broad shoulders, and sailor's cap, and jacket.

And then, such lovely nautical language as he used! It almost brought with it a sniff of salt breeze and a vision of boundless blue.

Of course he apologized for the intrusion, said he was cruising in foreign waters and had lost his reckoning; but now that he'd found a heavenly body to level his sextant at, he'd take a single observation, change his course, and steer to port.

When he spoke of the "heavenly body" I blushed again; and, as I knew that "nor'ard" meant the village, I begged him not to stir on my account. I didn't want to leave on the man's mind the false impression that I was agitated by his compliment, so I induced him to remain till I had time to compose myself.

After we had conversed for an hour or so, and I was calm again, I gathered up my things and started for home. He insisted on accompanying me, because, as he expressed it, "he didn't fancy the notion of such a precious little craft sailing alone, when it could just as well have the convoy of a man-o'-war."

When we were on the outskirts of the village he asked permission to "heave to," and I came the rest of the way unattended.

Two o'clock A. M.? Dear me! how late I am sitting up! It's all through trying to wade into that stupid book. I shall put it back on the shelf where it belongs, with its face to the wall, so that it may not tempt me again.

21st.—Two more developments: first, his name is Jack; second, he was acquainted with Willie. They made a voyage together, if I am not mistaken—the last one before brother's fatal shipwreck.

What a host of naval stories he has at his tongue's end, and what marvelous adventures he has met with in his time, notwithstanding he's so young! It is more interesting to hear him talk than to read the best book of travels ever printed. He stopped as he was going by to-day, while I was watering the flowers, leaned over the garden gate, and kept me entranced a full half hour. I presume it's very indiscreet to get so familiar with strangers the second time you see them, but I nearly called him Jack to his face. I might have known that was his name—he looks it exactly. There isn't an unseamanlike inch about him.

22d.—Jeannette has been over to visit me. She is crazy on the subject of my sailor. She raves about his hair and his eyes and his teeth, and—oh my!—she even pretends to have made an impression on *him*. Unhappy creature! Time alone will convince her of her error.

23d.—As I was coming home from the post-office this afternoon with Jeannette, who should join us but Jack?

"I kept in your wake so long without being hailed," he said, by way of salutation, "that I concluded I'd make a tack, and run under your bows for a change."

"Forgive my negligence, Mr. ——" And then I recollected that he had never told me his last name.

"Caronby—Jack Caronby, first mate of the frigate Growler," he supplied.

"I did not see you, Mr. Caronby, or I should have paused and allowed you to overtake us."

At this juncture Jeannette pinched my elbow, so I had to present him. If she can construe anything tender or sentimental from the studied civility of his behavior toward her during the remainder of our walk, she's welcome to.

We passed a drove of cattle on our way home. Some of them were attracted by my red shawl, and began to evince sundry disagreeable propensities.

"They don't respect your colors, Miss Addison," exclaimed Jack, indignantly. "Suppose you and Miss M'Clure lie off to leeward a jiffy or two, till I make a ram of this bit of timber and scatter their fleet."

So saying, he motioned us gently aside, grasped a knotted stick that lay across the path, and with one fierce onslaught sent the drove galloping in every direction.

When he returned to us Jeannette began some of her artful tricks—fluttering and gasping and pretending to be frightened to death. Jack was at last compelled to offer her his arm and escort her to within a few rods of her gate. Sly thing!

Sunday, 25th.—He was at morning service, like the good man he is. There's genuine religion in his broad, honest face. Sincerity, that noblest of human virtues, is sadly rare among landlubbers; its native atmosphere seems to be that of the sea.

He made all the responses as if he was accustomed to devotional exercises. It may be that he studies his prayer-book while tossing about on the briny billows. Well, he might be worse employed.

27th.—To-day the crisis came. I had a presentiment that it was impending. I was sitting on the piazza, very intent on my embroidery, when I heard a greeting from the street.

"Miss Addison, ahoy!"

I looked up. Jack was standing by the fence, with his cap deferentially raised.

"May I enter this harbor without papers?"

"Certainly; come in, Mr. Caronby. You will find a chair yonder in the corner."

He seated himself, and began to converse. Listening to those musical tones with both my ears, and wholly absorbed in what he was saying, I did not perceive that any third person was near, till father, who had quietly taken up his position at my side, suddenly asked:

"Are you not going to do the honors, Maggie?"

I know I evinced great confusion, and mangled their names, and tripped myself up, and made a dreadful mixture of it generally; but I succeeded in my ultimate object—that of making them acquainted with each other.

While they were exchanging the preliminary courtesies it flashed across me that I had never once mentioned Jack's name in the family. This is unaccountable, considering how long I have known him—as much as a week and a day by the calendar.

Father's interference had the effect of abbreviating our *tete-a-tete*; for I incline to think that the "shipmate" whom Jack had engaged to meet in the village was a purely fictitious personage—a creature of his imagination, and devoid of more solid being.

As soon as my hero had passed out of sight there came a broadside from father. Who was this man? I repeated the name. Where did he belong? On board the frigate Growler. What was he doing in this town? how long did he propose remaining? and at what house, or with whom, was he stopping? For the life of me I could not answer these questions, simple as they appeared. Father took advantage of my silence to read me a lecture on the evil policy of cultivating people I knew nothing about. As though I knew nothing about Jack, when he had taken me so unreservedly into his confidence, and asked my advice on all sorts of points connected with his future career! Naturally, I did not mention these things to father; he would only have turned them into a jest. I had nothing to do but to stifle my emotions, pretending to acquiesce in his philosophy.

Heigho! It came eventually to this, that I should hereafter discourage every attention from Jack, and hold myself aloof from his society till further notice.

And meanwhile, Jeannette—

31st.—I am all in a tremble. I can hardly retain my pen in my hand while inditing these words. And yet I must write: I shall experience no shadow of comfort or relief till my soul is disburdened.

Where shall I begin? How did it happen? In what order did the events occur?

Oh! I remember. I had gone to the woods again, and had walked as far as the spot where I met him the first time. Alas, what a flood of recollections poured in upon me as I stood there! I had not read my heart aright till that moment.

Then I became gradually conscious that I was not alone. The leaves rustled, a bush near me was pushed aside, and there emerged from the thicket a melancholy-looking figure, whom I with difficulty convinced myself to be Jack.

He advanced. I tried to move away, lest I should break faith with father, but could not. He observed the effort, and stationed himself in front of me.

"Neither to port nor starboard shall you veer," he said, in kind but crushed and husky accents, "till I have heard your batteries speak. Though you should tear my top-gallants asunder, snap my halyards in twain, nay, even carry away my mainmast, yet you must fire."

"What will you have me say?" I panted, between quick breaths which threatened to become sobs.

"Tell me why you always scud before the wind, refuse to see my signals of distress, or run up the black flag whenever I approach?"

"Because I am forbidden to walk with you, speak to you, hold any communication with you unnecessarily for a season. Now will you let me go?"

There was something in his eye that told me he comprehended the situation perfectly. He heaved a deep sigh, folded his arms, and gazed at me long and steadily.

"It is not your own voluntary act, then?" he asked, gently, and passing from maritime to ordinary parlance.

"No, no," I whispered, dropping my eyes, because I could no longer oppose them to his.

He opened his arms wide. A mad impulse seized me, and I drew closer and closer to him.

"Avast there! Stern all!"

The command issued from some one who had come upon us unperceived. I uttered a half shriek and darted back.

There stood Willie, come home from the sea, risen from the dead!

Of all the terrific shocks I have ever received, I think this deserved the first rank. I had barely time to realize its force before Jack's ejaculation smote my ear:

"Shiver my timbers!"

"With the greatest pleasure in life," responded Willie, coolly removing his outer garments and rolling up his shirt sleeves.

I saw there was no time to be lost, and hastened to throw myself between the pair.

"Oh, Willie, Willie!" I pleaded, "do not strike him. He is guiltless. It is I who am to blame from first to last."

"I'll attend to your case, presently, sis," said my brother, unmoved by my entreaty. "But the urgent business of the moment is with Mr. Watson here. We have rather a long-standing account to settle."

"Mr. Watson?" I echoed; "there is no Mr. Watson here. This is an old comrade of yours, Willie—Mr. Jack Caronby, first mate of the frigate Growler."

"Frigate fiddle-stick! I'll wager ten to one he never was aboard a vessel in his life, though I can testify to his skill in managing *decks*."

"Miss Addison," interposed Jack, "this individual is the victim of a hallucination. If he were aboard the Growler I should condemn him to an application of the rope's end, or swing him at the yard-arm a while by the thumbs. Let us go away and leave him to his unhappy lunacy."

"Stop!" I cried, eagerly. "This must not be. He is my only brother, long lost to us, and now come back from the grave. You and he must be reconciled at once. Here, Willie, confess that you have done wrong, and shake hands with Mr. Caronby."

"Are you an idiot, Maggie?" demanded my brother, now growing rapidly angry. "Come home with me instantly, or I shall think you as bad as he!"

He resumed his coat and vest, clutched my wrist fiercely, and hurried me on with him toward the village. We left Jack standing in the old place, apparently petrified with astonishment and dismay.

My own sentiments were two-fold: joyous excitement at my brother's unexpected return, and sorrow for an innocent being whom he had grievously, though I trust unintentionally, wronged.

When we were out of the woods Willie proceeded to explain his behavior on this occasion. It seems that Jack bears the strongest kind of a resemblance to one Watson, a notorious San Francisco gambler, who once lured Willie into playing, and won away from him all his money, clothes, luggage—everything he possessed. It was directly after this encounter that the poor boy, filled with remorse and chagrin, disgusted with himself, and tired of existence, caused the report that he had been drowned during a recent shipwreck to be universally circulated, and repaired to one of the docks with the intention of committing suicide. Fortunately he was met by an officer of a whaler which lay hard by, deterred from his rash design, and induced to commence life anew as a common sailor. His first cruise was wonderfully successful, and he returned to California to recover his old goods, if possible, from the gambler. The latter had meanwhile departed for the East. Willie's first thought was that Watson had found some letters or other souvenirs in a trunk of his, whence he had gained the knowledge of father's being a retired merchant in prosperous circumstances, and had traveled Eastward with the idea of playing on the sympathies of the family and swindling us with some cleverly concocted story.

Among other papers Willie missed was one little note I had written him, deploring the fate that had doomed me to perpetual girlhood, and robbed me of the privilege of becoming a brave sailor lad like himself.

How sorry I am for Jack when I think of the wound this blunder must have inflicted on his sensitive heart! It is bad enough to be identified with a scoundrel through a resemblance which was nature's fault, and not one's own, but to be loaded with insult besides must be more than a proud spirit can brook. I hope and pray that no evil may come of it.

I am mortified beyond description every time my mind reverts to that scene in the woods, and Willie's intemperate language and demeanor. I wonder if Jack will forgive him for old acquaintance sake? It strikes me that as a friend of so many years' standing, and in consideration of Willie's hot, unreasoning disposition, he ought to overlook this trifling mistake, and make it up without delay. Perhaps he will. We shall see to-morrow, when Willie is cooler. It does no good to argue with brother now, for he declares he is ready to swear in court that that horrid Watson and my Jack are one and the same.

Five hours later.—In the midst of the domestic jubilee over Willie's restoration I was called aside to receive a note.

It was scribbled hurriedly in pencil on a half sheet of paper, and the superscription was in Jeannette's handwriting. I took it quickly to my room, and began to read:

"DEAR FRIEND.—When this reaches you I shall have passed out of your sight—

'It may be for years,
And it may be forever.'

Woman-like I have resisted Jack's importunities for four successive days, and accepted him on the fifth. We have taken flight together.

"Luckily father and mother are both absent for the day, and will not return till too late to put any impediment in the way of our elopement. We shall join the frigate Growler with all speed, and set sail for foreign shores. A tour around the entire world is the least that Jack will let me off with.

"Now I want to confide in you, as I believe I may, without fear. It is only my desire to shield our servants from unjust suspicion that prompts me to speak on this point, and you must use your information for no other purpose. Jack thought it best to take every precaution to prevent detention; so I abstracted a blank check with father's signature on it from the drawer where mother always preserves it as a guard against sudden emergencies. I never could get the hang of these money-matters; but Jack is as wise as I am ignorant, and he says he can fill up the check in such a way as to draw money in our traveling expenses if we need it. He is acquainted with bankers in all the large cities.

"Jack—the jolly, foolish, rollicksome fellow—sends you the enclosed lock of his hair, which he says may possibly prove a 'slick' in your affliction I did not know, to begin with, that you were afflicted in any way, and I haven't the remotest conception of the meaning of 'slick.' But Jack says you are well versed in maritime language, and will understand him perfectly. So I am satisfied, dear, if you are.

"Believe me, sweet Maggie,
"Yours till death,
"JEANNETTE."

I longed to cry, but the tears refused to flow. I was conscious of an inclination to tear my hair, but resisted it. At length I relapsed into a state of marble-like stolidity, and went down stairs again.

Drawing a chair beside my brother's, I leaned over and whispered,

"Willie, may I ask you a question?"

"Two, if you choose," he replied.

"All right—two. First, where does the frigate Growler lie?"

"At the further end of Nowhere," jocularly. "All the lying is done by the first mate. To be sober, though, Sis, there isn't such a frigate in the navy, to my knowledge. Now, then, what is question number two?"

"This—what is the definition of the nautical term, 'slick?'"

"Humph! How shall I explain it to you? Well, to use a poetical expression, it means 'oil upon the troubled waters.'"

Oh, *how* I wish I had been born a man!

Lewis Smith, of Temple, Vt., in applying for a warrant for the arrest of a neighbor named Burton, for slander, stated that he and his wife had knocked Burton down five and three times respectively, but in spite of these persuasions the obdurate man persisted in telling stories.

A STARTLING FIGHT.

A Drove of Texas Steers Running Amuck in New York--Fifty Persons Injured.

A most disastrous and unprecedented calamity occurred in New York. A drove of wild Texan steers were on their way to the cattle market *en route* for Buffalo, and while being conveyed from Weehawken by the Forty-second street ferry escaped from their drunken or careless drivers. The cattle scattered throughout the streets and averages of the metropolis wounding and injuring men, women and children, and diffusing terror and absolute consternation among the citizens. Over fifty persons were more or less severely injured, some of whom are young children. The conduct of the police was most absurd, excepting in a few instances, and it seemed as if a riot was transpiring in the metropolis, for five or six hours, lasting until nearly ten o'clock in the evening. It is not known how many of the injured will die as yet, but some are very badly bruised internally, and some others will, no doubt, be disfigured for life.

The steers were crazy from thirst and hunger, and the manner in which the crowd acted made them more so. They separated and went through different streets. One scene is thus discribed:

About half-past seven o'clock, says the *Herald*, the first ward became a scene of frantic excitement. A muffled noise of human voices mingled with gun shots and the collision of vehicles was heard in the direction of Greenwich street. A general rush of people was made toward the spot, the howls and excitement growing momentarily more intense. On a sudden a steer of colossal proportions, snorting fury, his eyes ablaze with rage, and bounding like a deer, fled downward through Greenwich and past Courtlandt street. Multitudes of little children were playing on the sidewalks. The dense throng that pursued the animal, armed with knives, bludgeons, guns and revolvers, were sufficient to warn all persons away, and the street was cleared far more speedily than when the ponderous fire engine shoots along Broadway by night, at once the harbinger of safety and danger. Little Maggie Slater, of No. 156 Greenwich street, had not time to flee into her house, and she was tossed into the air by the animal. Fortunately the bull did not strike her a second time; still she lay insensible for several minutes, but was afterwards restored and pronounced out of danger.

On rushed the steer, turned up Cedar street, and in an instant confronted a police officer at the corner of Church. He stood, faced the bull, fired straight into his eyes and was instantly dashed under a wagon. He was not much hurt, so he picked himself up and joined in the pursuit. The animal ran toward a second policeman, pitching him also upon the sidewalk, and continued his flight to Liberty street, down Liberty to West, and then northward to Murray. By this time upwards of forty policemen and an immense concourse of people were close on the bull's heels, firing, but with no visible effect. Several men who knew the course the steer was taking, ran to the foot of Murray street and drew wagons, trucks, hand carts, etc., across West street, thus erecting an impassable barricade. As the bull neared the structure he was severely wounded by a pistol shot in the leg and fell to the ground. Thereupon two young men—Messrs. J. P. O'Riordan, shoemaker, of No. 127 Liberty street, and Charles Huber, saloon keeper, of No. 160 Greenwich street—who had joined early in the pursuit, fell upon him with two big butcher knives and cut his throat. Several men held him fast by the horns, and it gave the crowd enough to do to hold him down during the struggle that followed the cutting of his throat. On the animal's race down town he struck several persons, who must have been more or less severely injured, as they were almost instantly carried to their respective homes. The excitement consequent on the pursuit was intensified by the rumor that came to many ears that a whole drove of animals had broken loose in the upper part of the city and were spreading destruction in all directions. A sharp lookout was consequently kept toward the four points of the compass, and every ghostly looking black object that came to view in the streets was set down as a mad bull. About the same hour in which the existence of the above mentioned quadruped was brought to a close, a scene by far more painful and dangerous was witnessed in the most crowded quarter of the city, along the Bowery from Grand street to Tenth.

An immense throng stood along the Bowery when the rumor of the presence of mad steers went abroad and spread with telegraphic rapidity. The number gradually increased, until there were upward of three thousand people present. The first proof given of the escape of the animals was the sudden appearance of one of them at the corner of the Bowery and Fourth street. He stopped for an instant, and then, striking an unknown lady at the corner of Broome street, knocked her heavily to the ground. Sergeant Maloney who had rushed out of the Beckman street station house, not so much for the purpose of shooting the animal as for that of preventing the excited multitude from using their firearms with recklessness, for the frequent discharge of guns and pistols by this time was like a fusilade, though it had no effect upon the animal. The Sergeant pursued him up Bowery and Fourth avenue to Tenth street, back again through the same thoroughfare to Broome, through Broome to Elizabeth, to Hester, to the Bowery and to Broome, where Officer Donavan, thinking that the animal was faint with fatigue and wounds, jumped toward him and seized him by the horns. He was instantly tossed into the air by the ferocious beast, and falling with a thud upon the street received injuries which necessitated his removal to the Park Hospital. Amid the shouting and firing of the populace, Sergeant Maloney raised his voice and begged the people not to use their firearms, lest some person might be killed. His advice was only partially heeded, however. Maloney, assisted by several citizens and officers, procured a rope and lassoed the bull, after which he procured a carving knife at the Occidental Hotel and cut the ham-strings, when the animal was speedily dispatched. It was a long time before the alarm and consternation of the throng subsided, many persons expressing fears for the safety of friends whom they supposed to have been injured by the animals in other portions of the metropolis.

Similar scenes were enacted in the various streets visited by the angry animals, and over forty men, women and children were injured, some of them fatally, before the last steer was killed.

Belle De Forest is the name of a pretty orphan girl, with brown hair and hazel eyes, who flung herself from a fourth-story window in Baltimore recently because of want and disappointment. She said, when her severe injuries would permit her to speak: "I have never yet met a woman who would pity or help me, nor have I found one man who acted towards me with honor."

Scenes in the Streets of Santa Fe.

The streets of Santa Fe present a very striking appearance to the eyes of any one who has not seen the like before; those around the Plaza are generally filled with immense wagons drawn by six, eight, and often ten yoke of half-starved oxen, the only means of bringing the much-needed supplies from the end of the railroad. While these great vans are being unloaded the oxen often lie down in their yokes, and their tired appearance, and the appealing look of their large eyes, would excite the pity of many men far less friendly than Mr. Bergh to the brute creation. In all the streets can be seen great numbers of little animals called by the Mexicans "buros," but better known to English speaking people as donkeys. These small beasts are packed with all sorts of loads. Often as many as fifty can be seen in a single drove, with nearly as many drivers, coming into town loaded with wood. The usual price per "cargo," as they call it, is "dos reals," or twenty-five cents. About sixteen such loads make a cord. Again, a train of "buros" will be seen loaded with all kinds of merchandise, frequently with a barrel on either side of each beast. A pack-saddle is used upon them, but no other equipment. They are guided by blows on alternate sides of their heads and necks, administered by their drivers with a club never less than two inches in thickness. Not unfrequently two men are seen mounted on one of these little beasts of burden, either of whom could pick him up and carry him away. The "buro" is the best example of patience the writer has ever seen. These animals live upon almost nothing, a standing joke of the country being that a few sheets of brown paper constitute a grand feast for a "buro." They do a great deal of work, and render many services on the rough mountain trails that could be obtained from no other animals. The sidewalks of the city are generally covered with "portals" or porches, and the streets are fringed during the day and half the night with the picturesque people of the city; some waiting, Micawber-like, "for something to turn up;" others moving slowly along, for but few Mexicans think life long enough to make any haste in getting through it.

The Mountain Meadow Massacre.

A Salt Lake City dispatch states that the Mormons of Beaver county, Utah, are greatly excited because they anticipate an attempt to arrest prominent Saints indicted for participation in the Mountain Meadow massacre. It is represented that the Mormons evince a determined spirit to resist the expected legal process by the District Court, and the authorities will probably call for the assistance of the United States troops to aid them in the discharge of their duty. It is not unlikely that bloodshed will occur, but it is high time the Mormons were taught that the law of the Church, or, what is the same thing, of the prophet Brigham, is subservient to the law of the land, and that criminals even in Utah must be brought to justice.

Twenty years have passed since a party of emigrants, numbering over 300 men, women and children, pursuing peaceably their journey from Missouri to California, were murdered in cold blood at Mountain Meadow, in Utah. But one escaped to tell the horrible story of slaughter. Nine little children, too young, as it was supposed, to realize their terrible situation, were saved and adopted by the Mormons. Three of these afterward displayed too clear knowledge of what had transpired, and they were also put out of the way. The other six were subsequently restored by the United States officials to their friends and relatives in Missouri. The Mormons at the time attempted to shift the responsibility of the massacre upon the Indians, but subsequent developments leave no doubt that the whole slaughter was planned and perpetrated by the Mormons themselves. Those high in authority in the Church directed the bloody work, and prominent "Saints" have recently been indicted by the Grand Jury for murder by participation in the massacre. It is to be hoped they will speedily be brought to justice, tried, and if found guilty, suffer the just penalty of their crimes. The United States laws have been a dead letter in Utah Territory for years, but the last session of Congress adopted legislation which, though not altogether satisfactory, has at least had the effect of setting the wheels of justice in motion.—*Republic.*

Took Him Out.

The Delaware Railroad, says Max Adeler, runs right through Peabody's farm, just below our village, and close to the track there is a kind of a mud hole. Into this one of Peabody's horses fell, the other day, and defied every effort that could be made to get him out. While Peabody was working at the job, a freight train ran in upon the siding and stopped to shift some empty cars. The engineer noticed Peabody's trouble and finally offered to pull the horse out with the locomotive if Peabody would give him five dollars. Peabody gladly consented; and the engineer got down for the purpose of fastening a rope under the horse's belly. Just as he completed this job, the fireman, a greenhorn, got meddling with the starting bar, and the engine suddenly gave a jerk and began to move off. In less than a minute that iron steed was proceeding down the Delaware peninsula at the rate of a mile a minute with Peabody's horse behind, slashing up against the fences, swishing through ditches, butting against the cross-ties and dancing and frolicking and jumping about in the most extraordinary manner. When the engine was stopped twenty-three miles below, by leaping the track, and rolling over into a gully, there was nothing on the rope but four ribs and a piece of the backbone, and these Peabody concluded not to drive home. The engineer says all he promised to do was to get the horse out, and he got it out. But Peabody somehow don't appear to be satisfied.

A Ventriloquist Joke.

There was much excitement on the train bound south from Charlottesville, Va. In the palace car was a gentleman who had stepped aboard at Charlottesville with a child muffled from head to foot in shawls. Before the train had gone far the occupants of the other compartments in the car heard a child's cry, then another. Then came the angry tones of a man's voice, "You are not Charlie; you are Tommie; and if you make any more noise I'll throw you out of the window." "I want to go to mamma. I am her own little Charlie," the child was heard to say. Then blows were heard, and screams, and a passenger said, "It is little Charlie Ross;" and a rush was made. The man was dragged from his compartment, and the ladies sprang forward and got their arms about the child. They removed the covering from his face and found that instead of Charlie Ross they had in their embrace the wooden automaton with which the ventriloquist Wyman is wont to amuse the public. The practical joker was Wyman himself, who was on his way to Lynchburg.

The Placerville Snake.

It appears that the big snake has again broken out up near Placerville. From time to time we have seen accounts of this monster snake published in papers of that region, but we were of the opinion that it was all owing to the poor quality of the liquor sold up that way. Recently a well-known official of this country returned from California by way of the Placerville route, bringing the latest intelligence in regard to the doings of his snakeship. The gentleman—who refuses to have his name mixed up with snake stories—says he is of the opinion that there really is a big snake of some kind up there in the mountains. The region principally infested is about four miles this side of Placerville. Four days ago the big snake came into a man's dooryard, where there were a lot of fowls, and gobbled up about twenty young ducks before the very eyes of the inmates There were in the house at the time a man, three women, and several children. There was no gun or other weapon in the house with which to attack the snake, and the man was obliged to let him have his own way among the ducks. The women and children were so frightened that they would not remain in the house after the snake left, and all hands went over to a house on the main road, and remained there for a day or two, until their nerves had quieted down. They all declare that the snake was at least forty feet long. The stage-driver with whom our official rode stated that he saw the snake the day before he went after the ducks, and had a good square look at him as he lay by the side of the road. He says that he could have shot the monster if he had had any one to hold his team. His only passengers were Chinamen, and they were so badly frightened that he did not dare trust them with the lines. The driver asserted that the snake appeared to him to be between thirty and forty feet in length, and of large size in the middle. Whether or not there is such a snake as is described in the locality named, all the settlers believe there is, which is about as bad as the reality. The people up there—particularly the women and children—live in constant fear of the big snake. Our informant is of the opinion that there may be running at large a boa-constrictor which some time or other escaped from some menagerie; that the snake may now be of large size; but he thinks the fears of those who saw him added a good many feet to his length.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

Funny Scene in Church.

The Alexandria *Gazette* contains the following:

An episode somewhat unusual is reported to have occurred at the protracted meeting now in progress at the M. E. Church, South, in this city. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Waugh, who has been most zealously engaged in the duties of his ministry, was fervently pressing home the great truths of the Gospel, when an alarm of fire was sounded without. Many of our most public-spirited citizens are members of the congregation, and the alarm drew numbers from an endeavor to avoid eternal flames to an effort to extinguish a temporal fire. The hasty exits naturally attracted much attention, and the pastor seized the occasion to point a moral by reference to the zeal with which men leave the promises of eternity at the calls of time, and how much more interest was felt in saving brick and mortar than in saving immortal souls. At this point, the alarm being a false one, many had returned, among them Mr. Robert L. Wood, a member of the church, who rose, and said in substance: "Brother Waugh, you must not speak so; I went out not to save brick and mortar, but, it might be, to rescue some poor family from destruction."

Rev. Mr. Waugh said he did not intend to give his remarks a personal application, but had endeavored to draw from a fleeting occurrence a suitable lesson, as was his duty as pastor, and he again proceeded to note how soon the sanctuary was deserted when the calls of earth were heard, whereupon Mr. Wood rose again, saying, "You must not talk so, sir, to this congregation."

Rev. Mr. Waugh—Sit down, Brother Wood.

Mr. Wood—No, sir; I have a right to speak.

Rev. Mr. Waugh—Sit down! but Mr. Wood not heeding the command, it was repeated five times, Mr. Wood remaining in a standing position, and the excitement becoming so great among the entire congregation that the services had to be abruptly closed without the usual ceremonies.

The Open Polar Sea.

Dr. Hays, in a letter on the Austrian Polar expedition, says: The highway to the Pole was, I believe, open to Capt. Hall, and had he lived I believe he would have reached it. I believe the same thing could have been done by my old commander, Dr. Kane, in August, 1853, and by myself in 1860, had either of us been blessed with steam; and I believe, as I have repeatedly asserted publicly, that the Sound can be navigated with steam-power any year; and in proof of this we may cite the fact that Capt. Hall experienced no difficulty whatever in the Polaris, which, as if it were but a pleasure voyage, steamed in six days from Upernavik to the highest point ever reached by any vessel; and even the land he sighted beyond must, I think, have been something further north than lat. 83°, which seems to have been the northern most point—Cape Vienna—seen by the gallant officers of the Tegetthoff. For in 1861 I traced the outline of the land, which I named Cape Union, on the west side (imperfectly traced, it is true, owing to the great difficulties of the situation), to lat. 82°, 45 seconds, and Capt. Hall must have seen land beyond this. Dr. Hays adds: As for myself, my going back to the scene of my old contests has been, as those interested in Arctic exploration well know, merely a question of money. That forthcoming, I shall lose no time in once more leading an expedition into Smith Sound.

Shutting Off Criticism.

"Did you ever see that picture, grandma?" asked a young lady, as they took a view of the family portrait gallery.

"See it! Why, it's a portrait of myself when I was seventeen."

"I thought you'd forgotten it, or you wouldn't always be lecturing us girls about modesty in dress."

Grandma looked over her spectacles and declared the girls now-a-days were very impertinent to their elders.

A HUGE BILL.—Mrs. McGuffey, of Dayton, Ohio, while traveling in Switzerland, took the small-pox, and for many weeks confined to her room at a hotel in Vevay. When she recovered she found a bill awaiting her attention, which was figured at the modest sum of $1,300 a month. All the guests in a panic left the hotel, and during her illness the small-pox patient was the sole tenant of the house. She considered the bill reasonable enough, and paid it.

The Dangers of Overland Travel.

The following card appeared, numerously signed, in the San Francisco *Bulletin*: "We, the undersigned persons, have just arrived in California from Omaha, and we feel it to be our duty to warn the public that neither life or property is safe on the emigrant trains of the Central Pacific railroad. This thoroughfare of travel is infested from end to end with thieves, gamblers and sharpers, who are little better than highway robbers. The conductors and brakesmen of the trains are either afraid to exercise any authority or are in league with these marauders. There is no law and no place of appeal for protection, as is the case on shipboard, but every peaceful or unarmed passenger is at the mercy of any ruffian who chooses to maltreat him. The conductors refuse to take any notice of such outrageous actions when complained to. On our recent trip, many poor men of our party were fleeced out of their last dollar at three-card monte—several of them being family men. We do not complain of this so much as we do of the fact that our train was literally captured this side of Reno, by a gang of eight or ten monte brigands, who, because they could get no one to bet with them, passed through the cars calling the passengers vulgar names, striking them, spitting tobacco juice in their faces, flourishing bowie-knives and revolvers, and threating to cut our throats or blow our brains out. They were all heavily armed, while few of us had weapons of any kind, and, in fact, did not come to this State with the expectation of having to fight our way through. At Truckee we were informed that a passenger on an eastward-bound emigrant train had been barbarously beaten for refusing to gamble with these scoundrels. It was also stated that more danger exists on the eastward-bound trains than on the trains for the west. All of these gamblers and cappers are personally known to the railroad conductors, but are never disturbed, but, on the contrary, usually ride in the same car with the conductors after they have concluded their devilment for the trip. So far as we could discover, not the slightest semblance of law was observable along the Central Pacific railroad in Nevada, everything being controlled by ruffianism and threats of murder, and we believe that the traveling public, especially the poorer class, should be made acquainted with these facts."

Married Women's Rights.

A case was tried in New York which is illustrative of the rights and responsibilities of married women. In 1869 the plaintiff, Isaac E. Dunkworth, became a lodger in a house in West Ninth street, and after a time he bought the house and became landlord as well as lodger, executing to the husband of the landlady a written lease, which at the expiration of the term was replaced by a new lease reciting slightly different terms, but retaining the name of the landlady's husband as lessee.

The husband was then an employee of a Dey street mercantile firm at a salary of $3,800 a year, from which he made his wife an allowance measured by the amount of the rent of the house, which last year was $1,800. The firm in 1872 opened a branch office in the West and sent the husband to take charge of it, so that he was necessarily away from his home the greater part of the time. Meanwhile, his wife carried on the business of letting apartments in the house, and supported herself and others dependent upon her from the income thus derived, paying the rent out of the advances from her husband. She was careful to take several receipts purporting to acknowledge payments of rent by her husband. He lost his situation in February last, and since has not given his wife any money with which to pay rent. She left the house on the first of May, taking the furniture, which was her individual property, and leaving a quarter's rent due, $450.

The plaintiff sued the wife for this amount, with costs, saying that after the expiration of the last lease evidenced by writing, he made a new lease, orally, to the wife, regarding her as the real tenant, and giving credit solely to her, because she was one of the pair who paid him his rent. On the other hand, her counsel contended that the original contracts made with the husband were simply continued by parole, the wife acting as his agent and doing nothing to charge her separate estate. This answer was sustained by the jury, who found a general verdict for the defendant.

Locomotive Caprices.

It is perfectly well known to experienced engineers that if a dozen different locomotive engines were made at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like materials, in the same factory, each of these locomotive engines would come out with its own peculiar whims and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great deal of coal and water at once; another will not hear to such a thing, but insists on being coaxed by spadefuls and bucketfuls. One is disposed to start off when required at the top of speed; another must have a little time to warm into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skillful drivers that only particular men can persuade engines to do their best. It would seem as if some of these "excellent masters" declared, on being brought from the stable, "If it's Smith who is to drive, I won't go; if it's my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to do anything." All locomotive engines are low-spirited in damp, foggy weather. They have great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such time they are very cheerful and brisk, but they strongly object to haze and mists. These are points of character on which they are united. It is in their peculiarities and varieties of character that they are the most remarkable.

Capture of a Slave Dhow.

Her Majesty's ship Vulture, says the London *Times*, Commauder A. T. Brooke, was cruising off the northwest coast of Madagascar when a sail to the southeast was reported by the masthead-man. Chase was given, and nearly five hours afterward the dhow was come up with and boarded. It was full of slaves, forty-one men, fifty-nine women, and one hundred and thirty-seven children. The slaves were suffering acutely from weakness and cramp, having had to remain in one position for a long time. Several of the children were unable to straighten their legs for three or four days after they were received on board. One woman was found buried up to her neck in damp sand at the bottom of the slave dhow, under the lower slave deck. The owners of the human cargo were thirty-five armed Arabs, and the captain determined to take them to Zanzibar and have them summarily dealt with. The Vulture sailed for the Seychelles after burning the dhow and picking up four boats that had been sent away cruising a few days previously. The passage was made in ten days, and during that time seventeen liberated slaves died of dysentery and extreme debility. This is the largest capture which has been made for a very long time.

A TEXAS VENDETTA.

History of the Taylor-Sutton Feud---Nineteen Homicides Already.

A member of one of the two military companies sent from Galveston, Texas, to Indianola as guards of the prisoner William Taylor, accused of killing William Sutton and Gilbert Slaughter on the Morgan steamship last spring, has contributed to the Galveston *News* the following account of the outrages out of which the murder and arrest grew:

"We reached the wharf a few minutes before eight o'clock, where we were met by District-Attorney W. H. Crane, who accompanied the command to the court house, and caused the sheriff to receive the prisoner and place him in jail; and by his request Capt. Weeks placed sentin

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Oct. 29, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
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Democratic Nominations.

For Supreme Judge,
HON, WARREN J. WOODWARD, of Berks.

For Additional Law Judge,
JOHN H. ORVIS.

For Lieutenant Governor,
HON. JOHN LATTA, of Westmoreland.

For Auditor General,
HON. JUSTUS F. TEMPLE, of Greene

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
GEN. WILLIAM M'CANDLESS, of Philadelphia.

For Congress,
L. A. MACKEY.

For State Senator,
WM. A. WALLACE.

ASSEMBLY,
S. T. Shugert, Bellefonte,
S. S. Wolf, Potter.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
J. L. Spangler, Bellefonte.

COMMISSIONER,
J. Newlin Hall, Howard.

CO. SURVEYOR,
William P. Mitchell.

AUDITOR,
Adam Yearick, Marion.

L. A. Mackey will never be caught in Credit Mobiliers, Salary Grabs, Landgrabs, and corrupt jobs.

Wm. A. Wallace will be found, as heretofore in the senate, battling against corruption, monopolies, and a leader in the great reforms that are to take place under the new Constitution. His absence from the Senate at this period would be a public calamity. Hence he is the person every honest man should vote for.

Judge Orvis is so well known for his legal attainments, his efficiency as a judge, and incorruptible nature, that no good citizen can consistently vote against him. He has proven his devotion to the public as a legislator, and his uprightness as a judge.

What excuse then can there be for any one, in voting against men like these? With such material placed upon a ticket, it is easily told, Whom to vote for. Honest men be consistent, and do your duty on the 3rd of November.

As Mr. Cyrus T. Alexander is now a candidate for office, and wants to go where salary grabbers are not wanted, we would like to know, how he justifies his taking $300 for an extra session of the Legislature which he never attended, he remaining at his home in Bellefonte, and never attending said extra session yet took its extra pay. Then we want to ask honest voters, whether he is the man they think should represent them in Congress? If so, then never say a word against salary grabbers. Voter, was that an honest grab?

Fellow democrats, did he not go into county convention and take its nomination subject to the decision of the conference, and does he not now violate that sacred pledge by running independent? Is that the conduct of an honorable gentleman, is a question we put to every honest democratic voter.

Do you approve of Alexander's salary grab and his violated pledge? What guarantee does such conduct give that he would be an honest member of congress? None, none. He is not honest,—Col. Mackey has never had such things to stain his character.

Nov. 3rd.—Duty.

Democrats of Centre don't be distracted by petty differences. Lay all bickerings aside, and do not let the enemy defeat us. Think of the past—what defeats and insults we suffered in the last fourteen years—how we stood up to our constitutional principles and met the enemy as regular as the election day came around. Remember how our candidates for national and state offices were continually counted out, and defeated by repeaters, fraud and violence. Remember these things of the past, and ponder over the folly of allowing dissension and petty jealousies to defeat us now when the car of victory seems to be running in our favor and has already so triumphantly taken on board our gallant brethern in Ohio, Indiana, and other states with their thousand's of majorities.

Do your duty then on the 3rd of November. Behold the excellent, good, true and honest men upon the state ticket. See those able and sterling men, our district nominees, Mackey, Wallace and Orvis—all fairly and honestly nominated and ranking among the formost talent in the state. See the good material that composes our county ticket.

Democrats only unite, and go forward harmoniously and victory is ours.

The Reporter has silenced the Bellefonte Republican upon each and every charge it brought against Mackey. Besides that, the firm of Moore Simpson & Co., sent an epistle to the Bushhouse cellar that they must follow Ben. Franklin's rule and think twice before they speak once. They did not publish that letter but admitted they lied from hearsay.

The ring is opposed to Wallace and Mackey. The people are for these two men, they always stood on the side of the people. Election Nov. 3. Honest men, vote for honest men, like Wallace and Mackey.

If the reforms under the new Constitution are to be kept up, and carried to their end, then such champions of reform and pure government, like Wm. A. Wallace, must be returned to the state senate.

☞ If the Grangers are opposed to Salary Grabbers, they can't vote for Alexander.

Mackey's Financial Views

Mr. Mackey's financial views are sound and he has ever been free to express them. This he did fully in the campaign of 1868, and he holds to the same views still. The democracy of his own county passed the following resolution which has Mr. Mackey's endorsement:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that Congress should so amend the present National Banking system as to require the banks organized under the same to substitute greenbacks in place of the national bank currency now issued by them, and thereby save the people the payment of about $24,000,000 of gold interest annualy.

His home organ, the Lock Haven Democrat, says that upon the living issues of the day Mr. Mackey will be found in close sympathy with the people. Upon the financial question he is with the people now, as he was in 1868 when he took position in favor of a uniform national currency, issued by the goverumeut without intervention of the national banks. As stated by the Elk Democrat, "although forced into the national banking system by the taxation of the general government, he has never publicly approved of the system, and believes that as the government has assumed the prerogative of furnshing the circulation of the country, the people have whatever profit is to be made by the issuing of currency, and that the principle of equality in the rights of our citizens should be applicable to banking, as well as others business."

He believes in the established doctrine of the Democratic party, that true financial policy of the country is to maintain our currency upon a specie basis—that all financial legislation should tend to that end—and the resumption should take place as soon as practicable consistent with the requirements of the industries of the debtor class, who compose three-fourths of the people. He believes that resumption of specie payments can be reached with an exclusively greenback currency in one-half the time it can be with an increased National Bank currency.

Down with the Salary Grabbers!

When C. T. Alexander represented our county in the legislature, an extra session was held. For that special session they voted themselves an additional salary of $300. Although Mr. Alexander never showed his face in Harrisburg, the books of the State Treasurer show that he received his $300. Surely Mr. A. ought to take the stand. The people are not in a mood at present to be lenient to salary-grabbers; they have plenty of men of that character in Washington now, whom they are disposed to retire, and not to recruit their ranks with men who have proven themselves such wonderful adepts in a smaller arena. "All pay and no work" is no motto for hard times. We would rather contract for our legislation on the cooperative plan—large sales and small profits.

Vote for Good Men.

It is a safe rule for the honest citizen always to vote for good men. There are still some of that class living yet—Geo. Washington, and Gen. Jackson were not the last, although we have had countless rascals since the days of those heroes. If honest voters make this a rule and adhere to it, it will have the effect of defeating bad men and finally forcing parties to make nominations in accordance with this just requirement of the people. Then and then only will the people be safe and obtain trustworthy public servants. The democratic party, it must be admitted, has at times come short in this particular, as well as the radical party, but not to the same extent as the latter party.

This the democracy had in view when they nominated Mackey and Wallace, taking two of the purest and ablest men in their respective districts, the one, Mackey, for Congress, the other, Wallace, for state senator. Now will the honest voters, on Tuesday next, November 3rd, endorse a nomination that was made in accordance with their demand and wishes? We think they will, and that too with overwhelming majorities. The people seldom go back upon their best and noblest men. The rank and file are actuated by honest desires, and knowing Messrs. Mackey and Wallace so well, they will not prove recreant to their own interests by failing to sustain the true, faithful and honest when presented for their suffrages.

Col. Mackey's whole life is blameless—he is the most enterprising and liberal spirited citizen of Clinton county, and the best friend that the poor man in it ever had. He is an able financier, and holds the soundest views upon that subject—views which tend to the good of the country and its toiling masses.

Of Wm. A. Wallace we are proud to say the same thing. Twelve years in the senate show a record against monopolies, extravagance, rings, in favor of economy and wholesome laws, besides abilities of the first order.

True, tried and never found wanting it would be sacrilege to defeat such noble men and we have too much confidence in the good sense of the intelligent people of central Pennsylvania, not to believe that they will sustain them at the polls on next Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, by overwhelming majorities.

Notwithstanding C. T. Alexander declared in Spangler's hotel, a week ago, that he hated to have radicals vote for him as an independent candidate, he is now glad to have their support. A radical that can swallow such a candidate and renegade can be brought down to swallowing anything.

The predicted revolt of Senator Morton has come. The Indianapolis Journal denounces the President's adherence to the notion of a third term, declares he could not be re-elected, and futhermore that it would not be a good thing for pure politics if he could be.

VOTE FOR MACKEY, the poor man's friend and people's choice.

VOTE FOR WALLACE, the enemy of rings and corruption.

What Others Think of Cyse.

The Lewisburg Journal speaks as follows for the democracy of Union:

Some scallawag from Centre county it is said, is determined to run as an independent candidate for Congress. The Democrats of Union will vote solid for Colonel Mackey, and the Republicans will not desert their regular nominee.

From the Lewistown Democrat.

There is a report current that Cyrus T. Alexander, a lawyer of Bellefonte, has announced himself as an independent candidate for Congress. We are surprised at this; for we had a better opinion of the man. We did not believe he would sacrifice his personal honor to gratify his greed for office. But, it seems, we mismeasured the man.

He was a candidate before the Democratic conference, and failing to get the nomination, unlike our own honorable fellow citizen, Andrew Reed, he declined to appear before the Conference and express his adhesion to a nomination fairly made; and, no doubt even then contemplated treason.

Since the days of Judas Iscariot traitors have been despised, and we expect now to see Cyrus T. Alexander get just such a drubbing as he deserves. If honor does not hold him to conform to the usages of his party nor to his implied pledges when he became a candidate before the regular organization, what will his honor be worth in Congress?

From the Clinton Democrat.

Cyrus Alexander is the man? What a mighty conjunction of big names, If there be anything in a name, what a powerful spell this great combination will work! Cyrus the great and Alexander the unconquerable! He who wept for more worlds to conquer!

Mr. Alexander (Cyrus Alexander) was a law partner of Judge Orvis. Whether he gave any strength to the partnership is a matter upon which there is a division of sentiment, but whether he did or not we leave those to decide who know more about his legal abilities than we do. Certain it is that he has no conspicuous acquirements for Congress, and equally certain it is that he asked the nomination and got one county out of six, and that his own, which no one contested. Not having stood the ghost of a chance in getting the position in the usual way, he modestly rejects that decision and says the people must have Cyrus Alexander!

What do you say fellow-citizens? Mr. Alexander (Cyrus Alexander) professed to be a Democrat. His party would'nt nominate him. The radical party took him up as an independent candidate, they making no nomination. Did they take him for his abilities? No. Did they take him for anything valuable as a representative? No. Then why did they take him? Simply because a few men thought it would be a smart political move.

He represents nobody nor either party. There is nothing smart in it, for Mackey will whip him out of his boots. But they thought it smart. In times like these, you want men of ability in the national councils—men who are one thing or the other, and will stand or fall by it—and not men who will be anything if they think they can only get where their ambition would lead them. Between an able representative like Mr. Mackey, who is the regular nominee of his party, and an hermaphrodite candidate like Alexander, we are sure the people will not be slow to decide. The Democrats of this county will stand by their nominee, and a large number of men of the opposite party will unhesitatingly vote for Mackey.

That Salary Grab.

That $300 which C. T. Alexander drew from the public treasury, for an extra session of the legislature which he never attended, may some day get back again out of his pockets, where it is unjustly stowed away and find its way into the conscience fund. Perhaps if Cyse has a conscience it will. But has he a conscience, and if so where was it when he drew the salary to which he was not entitled? He has no conscience now, or it would not have allowed him to violate a sacred pledge, in accepting the nomination of the late county convention for congress, subject to the decision of the democratic conference. Will an honest and honorable man violate his solemn pledges? No, and no honest man will vote for an individual who does.

The Bellefonte Republican must feel ashamed that it had to take back its falsehoods against Mackey. Mackey's good name can not be sullied by New England yanks.

Democrats elect Shugert and Wolf, and thus make sure of their votes for a U. S. Senator, in place of John Scott.

Democrats and all honest men, remember, that Wallace and Mackey are the bitter enemies of monopolists and grasping corporations. Vote for these gentlemen and you vote for a change.

If C. T. Alexander would only make a trip through Haines, Miles, Penn, and Gregg and Potter, and hear the honest indignation of the men who used to stand by him, but whom he has betrayed, he would know what they have in store for traitors on Tuesday next.

The Reporter, thus far, is the only democratic paper in Centre county that has the courage to make a bold and fearless fight against the independent candidate for congress. The Reporter can not be accused of fighting shy, and we think next Tuesday's election will show, that, as always, it is on the side of the people.

Look out for the mixed ring ticket to deceive, with Alexander on it in place of Mackey and Jack L. Spangler's name wrongly printed to cheat honest voters. Examine your ticket before you vote.

Alexander's treachery and plighted faith, has two objects: one is to injure Mackey, the other to defeat Orvis. Friends of Judge Orvis be on your guard, on Tuesday, and watch the wolves in sheep's clothing. There are some in the plot whom you do not suspect and such will attempt to deceive voters by fraudulent tickets.

VOTE FOR WOLF and SHUGERT. LET GRANGERS BEAR IN MIND THEY NEVER HOOTED AT THEM. HOW WITH BOOZER WHO DID?

VOTE FOR ORVIS the upright legislator and judge.

Our Railroad.

What caused the work on our Pennsvalley railroad to come to a stand still?

Answer—the panic.

What brought the panic upon the country? The mistaken and blundering financial policy of the radical party, caused all the panics. Vote for a change then, on next Tuesday.

Panics and Monopolies.

The radical party is the party of monopolies. Its financial policy is bringing the country to ruin, and caused the present stagnation in trade and business.

The radical party is the party that created all the monopolies that are plundering the country and bringing the laboring classes to the pit of starvation.

To the Polls.

Honest voters, do you want a change, are you tired of panics, strikes, and the stagnation from which the country is now suffering so terribly, then go to the polls on next Tuesday and vote for a change by giving your support to the democratic ticket. It is the sacred duty of every wellwisher of his country to be at the polls on Tuesday and vote to put out of power the men who have brought the country to the brink of ruin. Then go to the polls and vote for a change. Are you opposed to salary grabbers, to carpet bag rule, and in favor of an economical administration of the government, then go to the polls on Tuesday and vote for a change.

Do you want a salary grabber in congress, then vote for C. T. Alexander, who drew $300 for an extra session of the legislature which he never attended. But if you desire an honest man in congress then go to the polls on Tuesday and vote for a man of known honesty and integrity—Levi A. Mackey.

To the polls, to the polls! honest men of whatever party, and at least make the attempt to better the fearful condition of the country by voting to put the democratic party in power. You run no risk in having a change, for it can not possibly be for the worse. Go to the polls then, on next Tuesday, 3rd, and vote for a change.

The Plot.

The treachery of C. T. Alexander is for two purposes. One is to interfere with Mackey, the other is to trade off against Orvis and attempt to defeat him. A few broken down and long-discarded democratic politicians are assisting Alexander in his foul treachery against the party that has favored him for years. Democrats mark the men engaged in this game. Both Orvis and Mackey are able and worthy men, and were nominated with the utmost fairness. The Modocs are plotting to defeat them. Do your duty and the plotters will meet a woeful defeat.

We have shown by "posting the books" to October 13, that the Democratic net majority of the popular vote in the twenty-four States which have held elections since the close of the Presidential contest of 1872 is 893,357, the same States in November, 1872, gave Grant a net majority of 529,209. Thus the net Democratic gain in less than two years has been nearly 900 000, and when the elections take place on the 3rd, proximo, it will be shown that the gain is much as 1,250,000. This is the most extraordinary political revolution on record. There has been no such change in public sentiment in so brief a time in our political history. It beats the Harrison uprising all hollow. If the elections are any criterion whatever, the Grant Administration is supported by a small minority of the people. A Democratic net gain of a million and a quarter of votes demonstrates that the Radical party has run its race, and that it stands at last beneath the gibbet, upon which an indignant people will strangle it on the third day of November next.

There is a sudden calm in the Southern outrage business, and the Republican organs are one after another giving their whole attention to the third term business. The impression seems to be that the third term project hurt the Republicans a good deal more than the bloody shirt yelling did the Democrats. Hence the organs are very anxious the President should speak at once. The discussion is not a bit funny to them now.

The address prepared at the Chattanooga Convention, composed of decayed carpet-baggers and tax-eaters admits in terms, that "Republicans cannot be maintained in power in the Southern States without Federal interference." This humiliating confession ought to convince Republicans in the North who believe in the right of the majority in each State to rule, that Federal bayonets have to be called to the assistance of the minority, in one-half the Union, in order that a certain class may plunder at their own sweet will. The Convention was a little late for Ohio and Indiana, but the address is expected to do work in Pennsylvania and New York.

HOW THE RADICALS PROPOSE TO FIGHT MACKEY FOR CONGRESS.

In a long article, says the Clinton Democrat, appealing to the farmers to rally to the Radical Standard, the Bellefonte Republican of last week labors hard to excite them against Mr. Mackey, the Democratic candidate for Congress. The burden of its discordant song is, that Mackey is rich and connected with the National Banking system. Therefore, farmers should cut him and support the party that created, has fostered, and will continue to foster that money monopoly till the people take the power to do so from them.

"Suppose" it asks, "any legislation comes up where the interest of the National Banks shall conflict with that of the farmer and laborer, what position would Mackey be likely to assume? Does any one believe he would side with the people and against his own interest and the National Banks?"

We reply to the Republican, that the Convention of Clinton that first declared for Mackey passed a resolution in favor of abolishing the National banks and substituting a greenback currency. The Chairman anounced to the convention that Mr. Mackey fully endorsed the resolution, Mr. Mackey has repeatedly said so himself, publicly and privately, and is bound in honor to vote in Congress for what he espouses before the people. He gives the guarentees of his own publicly expressed position as an answer to the Republican's attack, and there is no reason whatever to doubt that he will do what he says. Here is his home, here he has long lived and reared a family; here he has gained whatever position of credit he has before the community and whatever means he may be possessed of; to the people of the District he is connected by social ties and long business connections, he is bound to perform what he professes, and he must and will stand by his declarations, and though a President of a National Bank, he is in favor of and will vote for an abolition of the National Banks and the substitution therefor of the uniform government currency called greenbacks.

The radical party has brought into existence all the monopolies that have fleeced the people. It is the father of them all. The men who compose those monopolies, are the leaders of that party. Will you vote to have the monopolist party in power any longer? If you are tired of monopolies then vote for Mackey and Wallace.

The radical party is responsible for the memorable "black Friday" panic, which ruined hundreds of innocent business houses and caused such widespread disaster all over the country, a few radical leaders reaping fortunes through the ruin they brought about, President Grant's wife herself making $25,000 out of that iniquitous conspiracy. Vote on next Tuesday to change off the party of panics and monopolies, by electing men like Mackey and Wallace, the known and pronounced enemies of monopolies and breeders of panics.

C. T. Alexander sent a letter to Aaronsburg, for signatures, addressed to himself, asking him to be an independ nt candidate for congress. The democracy of Haines and Penn held an enthusiastic meeting on last Friday evening, and responded by unanimously passing a resolution that they would work with renewed energy for the success of the entire ticket. There is no encouragement there for disorganizers and ingrates.

FIGHT BETWEEN SIOUX INDIANS AND A BLACK HILLS PARTY.

Sioux City, Iowa Oct. 18,—A party of seven left Yankton ten days ago for the Black Hills' and on Sunday, the 11th inst., were attacked by a party of Brule Sioux at the mouth of the Little Platte, 40 miles from Niobrara, when a desperate fight ensued At the time of the attack the party was in camp and the men asleep. The Indians surrounded them and attempted to stampede the stock, which awoke the men The fight was kept up for 15 minutes when the Indians withdrew taking their dead and wounded. thought to number at least ten. The whites at once started back with one man dead and three wounded, and their mules crippled.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN GUATEMALA.

Panama, Oct. 10.—The severe earthquakes of the 3rd of September last caused the river Portal to overflow its banks. This put a stop to the running of the flour mills and causing a great scarcity of flour.

The loss suffered in the Department are from $200,000 to $250,000, including farming houses, machinery, and some thousands of yards of storehouses containing cochineal were buried under the ruins.

The number of victims cannot be exactly estimated. Many dead bodies remained buried under the stream of mud which descended from the Corro del Tigre. In Antigua alone 30 persons perished, the greater part being women and children. It is calculated that twenty five bodies were buried in the other towns, and a hundred more or less bruised and wounded.

The town at Duenas is entirely ruined, with its church, cabildo, parochial edifice, and private houses. A short distance from Duenas, and near a coffee farm of Zinza, in a place called La Estancia, there was an extraordinary promontory of mud, which had descended from the hights of Cerro del Tigre. The promontory had, in some places a depth of 100 feet, and was formed by those eruptions of mud which geologists call salsas, and which generally is not a good sign for the bordering countries. The eruption which produced this promontory consisted of cold mud, which although very compact, carried in its current enormous masses of stones and trees whose trunks measured eight and ten inches in diameter The government has ordered supplies of flour from Salvador and California. A subscription is being raised in Guatemala for those families that have suffered by the earthquake.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—We notice that Judge Elwell, of Columbia county, has decided that all school tax exceeding 10 mills on the dollar, is illegal, since the legislature has reduced the 3 mill State tax. The Judge might have gone a little further and knocked the ruling of the Department in the head authorizing the collection of school tax on buggies, carriages and watches, from the fact that there is no act of Assembly authorizing any such thing, although we hold that there should be such a law upon our statute book, because they are just the kind of property that should be taxed, but not by implication.

Will some department expert, or anybody else, point us to the act of Assembly authorizing the imposition of a school tax upon this kind of property?

ELECTION NEXT TUESDAY.

SEEKING OUT SINNERS A DUTY.

An immense congregation assembled in the Church of the Transfiguration to listen to a sermon by the Rt. Rev. George A. Selwyn, Lord Bishop of Litchfield, England. Several prominent Episcopalian ecclesiastics were present, among whom was Bishop Potter of New-York. The Bishop announced his text from 1st chapter of St. John, 42d verse, "He brought him to Jesus."

May God enable us to draw from the history of the Apostle St. Andrew a pointed lesson which each and every one of us shall carry home and practice in our daily lives. The saints are those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. It is not enough that we do good in a passive way, accomplishing that which is thrust in our path, but we must seek out sinners from the lanes and byways of life, and bring them to repentance and to a knowledge of the inestimable lovenn goodness of Christ. With St. Andrew for our guide and with God for our teacher, what should be the object of all of us who come here to meet in the great clerical convention which is now being held in your midst; what should be the work of this congregation? It ought to be to gird up the loins of the heart to do its Master's work; to enter more cheerfully and more devotedly into he Master's service; to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. The embassadors of Christ must cry aloud from every church in this town, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Sinners must be made to feel the influence of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The drunkard and the profligate must be roused from the embrace of sin, which is death. Worldly men, crawling along the crooked path of double-dealing and vice, must be straightened; must be brought within the pale of Christian influence, and, through the grace of God, brought to a true repentance. Is no vain repentance which the prophet preaches; no sorrow of the world which worketh truth, but a godly saving which taketh away the sins of the world. Come to Him, each and every one of you; come and sit at His feet and bathe them with your tears. Ye men, put away that false pride of heart which shuts you off from grace. There is no one righteous but the Lord! Ye double-dealing men of the world, come to Him; cast away your craft, and you will receive His promise that the whole body will be full of life. Look not to us, the ministers, but to Him. The servants are not the work, but merely the means to accomplish an end. The Lord is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and the bishops and the clergy who are now assembled in your city can but pray that Christ will give us strength through prayer to do well His biddings. The Church is not the clergy alone, but the people also.

You will remember when Christ came upon earth, He found it in a state of religious chaos, but He said to His disciples, "Follow Me and ye shall be fishers of men," and He says the same to you to-day, "Follow Him and become fishers of men." And ye who are parents, bring your children to the Lord—not merely to the baptismal font, but again and again. Let your prayers and devotions in the family circle aid you day by day in bringing your children nearer to Jesus. And ye who are in authority, who are they to whom you are daily giving orders? Are they beasts of burden simply, to hear and execute your mandates, or are they not rather human souls to be saved? Ye who move in the refined circles of polished society, look at the drunkard as he passes your door, he is the one for you to save; it is a direct mission which you are called upon to perform, and a duty you dare not neglect. Look, too, at the outcast children—the friendless, the fatherless and motherless, the weak, the lonely, and the despised among men; it is to such as these that ye are to preach the Gospel of Christ crucified. There are ties more binding than ties of blood—they are spiritual ties. It is the lost lamb that causes the heart of the shepherd to mourn, not those who are safe within the fold. I have been into the great Labor Exchange of this city, and I have seen those who have no friends, who were strangers in a strange land, and who have remained in your midst but a brief time, and have gone West, where spiritual agencies are few and far between. The facilities for traveling make men like the "rolling stone which gathers no moss." But while such people remain with you, ought they not be invited to visit your churches, to witness the peculiar fervor of Christian love? Surely the most careless and the most ignorant, when he saw the whole city stirred up by the religious influence of the Divine Spirit, would ask the question, "Who is this?" and would be answered "This is the Lord's doings." To live in society as if we were ignorant of Christ is a grevious offense. Go to the stranger—let it be your work; invite them to the house of God, and say in answer to his question, "I come in the name of Jesus of Nazareth." May God grant this feeling shall grow in the hearts of each one who hears my voice. Angels are waiting to rejoice over every sinner who is saved; men are waiting to exhort them also. We pray the Lord to complete the number of His elect. He has fed us with the bread of life, and with thankful hearts we gather up the fragments to bear away to far off lands. These are the duties of our daily lives—the duties of all We dare not appear before God empty handed. May God save us all from the doom of the unfaithful servant.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, B. F. SHAFFER, High Sheriff of Centre county, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, 1874,

in accordance with the Act of Assembly:

Two persons for the office of Judges of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for the office of Lieutenant Governor of the State of Penn'a.

One person for the office of Auditor General of the State of Penn'a.

One person for the office of Secretary of Internal affairs of the State of Penn'a.

One person as Assistant Law Judge for the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clinton, Clearfield, Elk, Mifflin and Union in the Congress of the United States.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield in the Senate of Penn'a.

Two persons to represent the county of Centre in the House of Representatives of the State of Penn'a.

One person for the office of Commissioner of Centre county.

One person for the office of District Attorney for Centre county.

One person for County Surveyor for Centre county.

One person for Auditor of the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the twp. of Haines, at the Public House of John Limbert Aaronsburg.

For the twp. of Half Moon, at the School House in Stormstown.

For the twp. of Taylor, at the house erected for the purpose on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the Township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the twp. of Potter at the house of John Odenkirk, Old Fort Hotel.

For the twp. of Gregg, at the public house on wed by J B Fisher.

For the twp. of Ferguson, in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the twp. of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the twp. of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For the twp. of Walker, in the school house at Hublersburg.

For the borough and township of Howard at the school house in said borough.

For the twp. of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the twp. of Snow Shoe, at the school house near Samuel Askey.

For the twp. of Marion, at the house of Joel Kline, in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the new school house in Milesburg.

For the twp. of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the twp. of Huston, at the house of John Reed.

For the twp. of Penn, at the house of W L Musser.

For the twp. of Liberty, in the school house at Eagleville.

For the twp. of Worth, at the school house in Port Matilda.

For the twp. of Burnside, at the house late of J F Boak.

For the twp. of Curtin, at the school house near Robt. Manns.

For the borough of Unionville and Union twp. at the new school house in Unionville.

For the borough of Philipsburg, at the public school house in said borough.

At all elections hereafter held under the laws of this commonwealth the polls shall be opened at seven o'clock a. m., and closed at seven o'clock p. m.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person, excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the legislative, executive, or judiciary department of this State, or of the United States, or of any United States, or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

The inspectors and judge of the elections shall meet at the respective places appointed for holding the election in the district to which they respectively belong, before seven o'clock in the morning, and each of said inspectors shall appoint one clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

At the opening of the polls it shall be the duty of the judges of election for their respective districts to designate one of the inspectors, whose duty it shall be to have in custody the registry of voters, and to make the entries therein required by law, and it shall be the duty of the other of said inspectors to receive and number the ballots presented at said election.

Given under my hand, at my office in Harrisburg, this first day of October A. D. 1874, and in the ninety-ninth year of the independence of the United States

B. F. SHAFFER
Sheriff.

TALMAGE'S PAPER.

The Christian at Work.
THE BEST RELIGIOUS PAPER
A CHOICE OF
TWO Beautiful PREMIUMS.
An Illuminated Portfolio of Twelve Gems by Hendschel, each 8½x10½ in., or the superb Chromo, "The Twins," 22x28 in., after Landseer. Price $3.25, including postage. *No Extras of any kind.* WITHOUT PREMIUM, $3 PER ANNUM.
ATTENTION, AGENTS!
Liberal commissions and exclusive territory. Samples and circulars free. Send Postal Card at once to
HORATIO C. KING, Pub.,
Box 5105, New York.
Oct 22 2t.

Miller & Son,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS, for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety. Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first-class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
25oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLARGRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice
VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS
No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!
EZRA KRUMBINE,
respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order
BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.
HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.
Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. ly.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,
LEVI MURRAY,
at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,
and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.
WISON & HICKS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
Builders Hardware
CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
STOVES.
SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS
which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.
SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.
This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood, Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,
CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,
Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.
Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp,
LOWEST CASH PRICES!
☞ Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

C. PECK'S
New
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY
of every description.
All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.
He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.
PRICES REASONABLE,
All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!
HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT
Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.
Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS:
Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.
which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of
HATS & CAPS,
A full assortment of
Men's Boy's and Children's
of the latest style and best.
CLOTHING,
Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.
BOOTS & SHOES,
WM. WOLF.

CENTRE HALL
Hardware Store,
J. O. DEININGER
A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.
Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb's Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate of all sizes, Picture Frames, Wheelbarrows, Lamps, Coal Oil Lamps, Belting, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, Plows, Cultivators, Corn Plows, Plow Points, Shear Mold Boards and Cultivator Teeth, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Lard, Lubricating Coal, Linseed, Tanners, Anvills, Vices, Bellows, Screw Plates, Blacksmiths Tools, Factory Bells, Tea Bells, Grindstones, Carpenter Tools, Fruit Jars and Cans, Paint, Oils, Varnishes received and for sale at
june5 '68-tf J. & J. HARRIS.

The Granger Store!
Something New!
CASH AND PRODUCE FOR
CHEAP GOODS.
SHORT CREDIT & SHORT PROFITS.
ISREAL GRENOBLE,
Spring Mills has established a store to suit the times, and has a complete stock of
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
FISH, SALT,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
DRUGS, SPICES, OILS,
In short a full line of EVERYTHING FOR LESS PRICES THAN ELSEWHERE.
COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.
5feb. y.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.
J. & J. HARRIS,
No.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY OCT. 29, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by neatly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Ladies, Miss Lucy Deininger has just returned from the city with the latest styles. See her advertisement, and give her a call.

——We have seen the *Dauphine* of the Tuten Republican chaps and find that they are Frenchmen and were raised upon bullfrogs. Parle vous Franze?

——Sweet potatoes at Deiningers—1.50 per bushel.

——For the quarter ending October 20, 1874, the Farmer's Mutual Ins. Co. of Penns Valley has insured property to amount of $266,370 We hope to see the day when every property within its bounds will have a policy in our own home company, which is, and all along has proven safer and cheaper than any outside company.

——Prof. Wm. T. Meyer will return from Tyrone to Aaronsburg, about 7 Nov., to remain, and give lessons in instrumental music.

——We have a great mind to run as an "independent" candidate for congress against Cyse Alexander, we think we could beat him, and that Col. Mackey would still have enough votes to beat us both.

——We need Shugert and Wolf in the Legislature to vote for a democratic U. S. Senator. Remember the deep importance of this, democrats, and don't scratch your ticket. Boohoozer will vote for Cameron.

——Democrats examine your tickets before you vote, as a fraudulent ticket has been sent out with Alexander's name in place of Mackey, and "John" L. Spangler, instead of Jack L. Spangler. This ticket is put out by the ring to cheat and deceive.

——Democrats, don't trade, but stand by your organization, its principles and its nominees.

——Don't forget that next Tuesday, 3rd, is election day. Turn out and vote for a change, for better times, better markets, and for honest men.

——Examine your ticket before voting. Alexander's party has sent out a fraudulent ticket with Alexander's name in place of Mackey, and with Jack L. Spangler's name falsely printed "John" L. Spangler. Do not accept a ticket unless handed you by a reliable democrat.

——A democratic meeting was held at Madisonburg on Wednesday evening, 21. A large crowd was present, more than the house could hold. The Rebersburg band was in attendance. Mr. Miller was chosen President. Addresses by Spangler and Fortney.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Brumgards school-house, in Miles, on Thursday evening. The house was crowded. The Rebersburg band was in attendance. Gen. Wolf chosen President, with a number of vice presidents. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Wolf, Spangler and Kurtz.

The democratic meeting at Wolfs school-house, in Haines, on Friday night, 23, was well attended. The Millheim band and Aaronsburg drum corps were in attendance. J. C. Stover was chosen President, with Capt. Miller, Jon. Kramer, Daniel Wolf, T. G. Ehrhart vice Presidents, and Yan Ormer and Foote as Secretaries. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Wolf, Spangler, Kurtz and Fortney. Hon. J. G. Meyer offered a resolution which passed unanimously, that the democracy of Haines and Penn pledge themselves to go unitedly for the entire ticket.

——Wm. Wolf has returned from Philadelphia, and if you wish to see one of the finest and best stocks of goods in the valley, just call at the cheap old stand, where you generally find the best and most complete assortment.

——New arrival of hardware, and many new things in that line, at Deininger's, where all articles are sold lower than elsewhere.

——There is only one thing that Alexander has done, which is consistent—being a salary-grabber he went over to the salary-grabbers. But the honest republicans think just as little of salary-grabbers as do democrats, and will vote for an honest man like Mackey.

——The republicans having now to choose for congress between an honest and able democrat, Mackey, and a third rate excise and renegade democrat, Alexander, we must say to their credit they are like Martha, choosing the better part, and generally intend voting for the people's man, Col. Mackey. Alexander's declaring himself for a third term for Grant will not even gain him any respect among republicans.

"Peters' Musical Monthly, No. 87, has music to suit all temperaments, and adapted for all hours of gayety or soberness. Thirty pages of music in songs, waltzes, dances, etc., are given, thus affording something for all. Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York. Terms, three dollars a year, or sample copies sent for thirty cents."

——How is Mr. Boozer on the Grangers now? As we are informed he used to denounce them in unmeasured terms, before having a cause for it, or without being harmed by them. Neither Mr. Shugert nor Mr. Wolf has been guilty of this, and the Patrons will make a note of it.

——Remember, taxpayers, that Boozer is openly opposed to the Reform movement, and that Shugert and Wolf are just as openly in favor of it, they favored the new Constitution while Boozer faught it up to the hilt.

The meeting at Churchville, was well attended. Wm. Kerr presided. Addresses by Messrs. Spangler, Barnhart, Wolf and Kurtz.

——Democrats, remember that the rads only nominated one candidate for Assembly so as to enable them to trade one vote off against either Shugert or Wolf. Don't do that—stand by the nominations, from top to bottom—we can elect the whole ticket

☞ Any one wishing to trade a good one horse sleigh on corn, will apply to W. A. Curry, at Centre Hall. 22 Oct 4t.

——The sale of the Kerr farm, in Potter twp., has been postponed to Nov. 13.

——The nicest and cheapest picture frames, all styles and sizes, at Deininger's.

——If you desire the election of an honest, eteligent, hardworking farmer, to the office of Commissioner, vote for J. Newlin Hall, who is qualified for the position, and fills the above requirements in every particular.

Evans farm, Potter, private sale.

The Keller farm and Foster farm, near Centre Hall, Oct 29.

THE ELASTIC TRUSS AN ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER offered to the public, with the full assurance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the profession that they would supersede all metal of other Instruments in use, for the relief and cure of Hernia, Prolapsus Uteri, and all Abdominal Weaknesses. The great number of radical cures they have effected, fully justify the confident prediction made, and has demonstrated the fact that rupture can be surely cured without suffering or annoyance, and without the danger of incurring Spinal Disease or Paralysis often caused by the severe pressure of Metal Trusses and Supporters. ZELLER & SON, Druggists, Bellefonte, Sole Agent. Aug 27 3m

——Senator Wallace honored the Reporter office with a visit on Tuesday morning.

——Democratic meeting, at Northampton School house Ferguson twp., Monday eve, 2nd.

——Hon. S. T. Shugert paid our office a visit on Monday, and stepping up to a case, seized a stick, and set a piece. Mr Shugert is an old compositor, and knows enough about type setting to help a fellow out of a drag.

——The honest and respectable portion of the radicals, in every county in the district, since they have no nemines, are now resolved on voting for L. A. Mackey, for congress, as they desire to see the district honored by a man who has ability and standing, and whose whole life is a guarantee that the district will never need feel ashamed of him.

☞ LOOK OUT FOR THE RING'S ☜
☞ FRAUDULENT TICKET TO ☜
☞ CHEAT MACKEY AND SPANG- ☜
☞ LER. DEMOCRATS, WATCH ☜
☞ THIS RASCALITY ON TU'SDAY ☜
☞ and don't let Cyce Alexander and ☜
☞ Love profit by it. ☜

The first year that we had the honor to represent this county in the lower house a fellow member, very honest like ourself, sat near us, but very much resembled C. T. Alexander, who occupied a seat the two previous years. We frequently saw that our colleague was bored by seedy fellows, strangers to him, who offered him little sums running from $1,31 to $1,37 and $1,50 to vote for bills, which of course would raise the indignation of the member. When about the following conversation would end the matter:

Stranger—Why Alexander, thats all you charged last winter, you needn't be so big feeling now.

Member—I am not Alexander of Center, but ——of——county.

Stranger—O, beg pardon, I took you for Mr. Alexander, you look so much like him, and he did voting for a good many of our city fellows, for a certain sum if we gave him our little jobs.

Judge M'Enally was among those who recommended the appointment of Mr. Orvis for the Judgeship. We call attention to the letter below. If Mr. M'Enally thought Mr. Orvis was the proper person to appoint, how much more should our people think so now, that he has been tried and proven his high qualifications:

CLEARFIELD, PA.

To His Excellency J. H. Hartranft, Governor: The Hon. John H. Orvis of Bellefonte possesses in a high degree the qualifications fitting him for additional law judge of this district. If he can accept the position his appointment will be perfectly satisfactory to us and we think will give general satisfaction.

Yours truly.

J. B. McENALLY, JOHN H. FULFORD,
CYRUS GORDON, DAN. W. MCURDY,
THOS. H. MURRAY.

The Democratic meeting, at Penn Hall, on Saturday evening, was largely attended, the hall and stairways being packed. Gen. Geo. Buchanan was chosen to preside, with David Emerick and Jacob M'Cool of Gregg, and Jonath. Kramer and John Meyer, of Penn as vice presidents. The chairman stated the object of the meeting, after which addresses were delivered by Messrs Wolf, Hoy and Spangler, The Millheim brass band was in attendance.

The democratic meeting at Centre Hall, on Monday evening was a grand success. Bellefonte, Harris, Gregg, Penn and Potter were represented. David Gilliland was chosen president; the vice presidents were, John H. Keller, Wm. Wolf, Dr. P. Smith Wm. Kerr, Geo. Hoffer, Jno. Grove J. K. Runkle, Wm. Emerick, J. D. Murray, and J. J. Arney, of Potter, and John Bear; of Hains, J. H. Barnhart, of Spring, D. A. Musser Jonath, Kramer and J. W. Van Ormer of Penn, Secretaries: J. H. Reifsnyder, C. H. Held, Wm. B Mingle and Levi Murray. The meeting was addressed by Ad ano Hoy, Esq., upon financial and local topics, and he was followed in an able and eloquent speech by Hon. Wm. A. Wallace, in one of those convincing arguments which are characteristic of this distinguished gentlemen. His speech had a telling effect.

HOW SOIL WAS MADE.

Professor Agassiz said that all the materials on which agricultural process depends, are decomposed rocks, and not so much those that underlie the soil, but those on the surface, and ground to powder by the glaciers. Ice all over the continent is the agent that has ground out more soil than all other agencies put together. The penetration of water into the rocks, forests, running water and baking suns, have done something, but the glaciers more. In a former age the United States was covered with ice several thousand feet thick; and the ice moving from the north to south—by the attraction of the tropical warmth or pressing weight of the snow and ice behind, ground the rocks over—which was called soil. These masses of ice can be tracked by the hunter. He has made a study of them in the country as far south as Alabama, but has observed the same phenomenon in Europe, particularly in Italy, where, among the Alps, glaciers are now in progress. The stones and rocks ground and polished by the glaciers can easily be distinguished from those scratched by running water. The angular boulders found in meadows and the terraces of ravines not reached by water can be accounted for only in this way.

☞ The Premium Engraving issued by "Peterson's Magazine," for 1875, is really one of the most beautiful and costly we have ever seen. It is not one of those cheap, colored lithographs, with which the market is flooded, but a first-class line and mezzotint engraving, executed in the highest style of art, after an original picture by J. W. Ehninger, and cost, as the publisher assures us, two thousand dollars, in all. No premium of equal value, he asserts, will be offered by any magazine for 1875. The subject is "Washington's First Interview With His Wife." The story is quite romantic. Washington, on his way to join Gen. Braddock, in the great French and Indian war of 1755, stopped, with his orderly, at the White House, since so celebrated in the Virginia campaigns of McClellan, Lee and Grant. Here he met a young and beautiful widow with whom he was so fascinated, that the orderly, instead of being summoned within half an hour, as he had expected, led Washington's horse up and down, nearly all day, while his enamored master was listening to the gay sallies of the charming Mrs. Custis. The result is a matter of history. Mrs. Custis became the wife of the great hero, and was known, in after years, as Lady Washington. This is a picture that ought to be in every household. You can get it, gratis, by raising a club for "Peterson" for 1875, or by remitting $2.50 for it and for the magazine. This is a rare chance.

John F. Potter is *not* opposing the regular democratic ticket. His democracy is deeper than that.

According to accounts continued in London journals of September 5, the Austrian north pole expedition was frozen in at the north point of Nova Zembla in August, 1872, and was driven in a north westerly direction with the ice. The crew worked five months in vain during the summer of 1873 to free the ship. In the autumn of that year, north of the 80th degree of latitude, unknown land was discovered whose boundary line both and west was not to be seen. A coast line was explored in sledges from the 9th of March to the 4th of May, 1874, up to the 83d degree. In honor of the emperor of Austria this was named Franz Joseph Land. The fauna and flora were insignificant, and there were no signs of animal life; but dolomite mountains rose to the height of 1,600 metres. Formidable glaciers were met with, and a few pieces of floating wood were seen. On the 20th of May, 1874, the crew left the ship Tegethof in four sledges, and after traveling ninety-six days reached Nova Zembla, where they met with some Russian seamen and were taken to Wardoe, in Norway, after undergoing indescribable suffering and privations. Only one man died, however, and he succumbed to lung disease. The crew were expected to reach Vienna about the 25th of September.

To the Democratic Voters of Centre County.

Owing to the situation of the Country and the peculiar situation of our party in this county, it has been deemed proper to issue an address to you, in order to counteract, as far as possible, the efforts which are being made to mislead and deceive you.

For fourteen years our political opponents have had complete control of every department of the federal government, and also of most of the state governments. As soon as they obtained power they abandoned every well settled principle upon which the government had been heretofore administered, and introduced new principles of administration at war with the constitution and the character of our institutions. Even since the close of the late civil war, for a period of more than nine years, they have, by means of the military power of the federal government, maintained negro despotisms in many of the southern states against the rights and wishes of the great mass of white citizens living therein. These negro governments, controled and manipulated by southern scalawags and northern carpet-baggers, have tyranized over, robbed and despoiled the people of the south, to such a fearful extent that the whole people have become so impoverished as to be unable to pay the vast amount of federal, state and municipal taxes imposed upon them, and still less able to purchase the millions of dollars worth of northern fabrics, the products of our varied manufactories, thereby destroying the best market possessed by the north, and involving thousands of northern laborers in the same distress universal in the south. The misgovernment and corruptions of the south are not more monstrous than their general mismanagement of the whole country. Grants of millions of acres of public land to railroads and other corporations, the credit mobilier job, the "salary grab," Sanborn contracts and Jayne subsidies are but specimens of the general debauchery and corruption which this party has brought into existence. And finally their financial policy has culminated in the destruction of the great industrial interests of the whole country, by means of which trade has been ruined, thousands of business men have become bankrupt, and millions of laborers thrown out of employment.

For the first time in fourteen years the great mass of intelligent, thinking citizens realize the terrible vortex into which the country has been plunged by the policy of this party. The results of the elections held in 1874 but demonstrate the extent to which this reactionary spirit has gone. The recent brilliant Democratic victories in Ohio, Indiana, Arkansas, Georgia and West Virginia show that the people have finally aroused themselves, and determined to drive from place and power the party that has brought this ruin upon the country.

For more than a decade our county was so placed in her congressional relations, as to make it almost impossible to be represented by one who believed in the glorious principles of our party. By the last congressional apportionment Centre county is in a democratic district. Our party has nominated for congress a candidate not unknown to the Democracy of this county—the same candidate in whose support you all so nobly rallied in the disastrous campaign of 1868. He possesses in a high degree honesty, capacity and fidelity. Not one single stain or blemish can be found in his private life or upon public record. For the nomination he received the *unanimous* support of our party in four counties out of the six composing the district. He was regularly nominated in the congressional conference, and is pledged to the support of a platform of principles in perfect accord with the rights and wishes of the people, and he should therefore receive the vote of every *honest democrat* in the county. In this district, with the tide of popular opinion running so strongly in our favor, the radical party had no hope of electing a member of congress favorable to the continuance of their policy, unless they could obtain aid from the ranks of our own party. They commenced negotiating for the purchase of allies early in the season. Propositions were made by them to Democrats in various parts of the district, offering them the support of the radical party if they could obtain adherents enough of their own to defeat the Democracy of the district. Most of the propositions were rejected with scorn; a few weak men dallied with them, and finally one was found weak enough to accept the bargain. C. T. Alexander presented himself before the Democracy of this county as a candidate for congress. He received the nomination of the county, and for five successive weeks had his name published in the democratic newspapers of the county, as follows: "For Congress, C. T. Alexander, *subject to the decision of the Congressional Conference.*"—When he thus pledged you his honor to be subject to the decision of the conference, did he intend to betray you? If he did, he obtained the recommendation of this county by false pretence. If he were an honerable man, (and none but honorable men should be sent to congress) he would redeem his pledge thus given you. If he were a good democrat, (and you should vote for none other but good democrats) he would abide the action of our party, and support the candidate fairly and honestly nominated. Why should any Democrat vote for him? Is he more honest, more capable, and more faithful to his pledges than Mr. Mackey? Is he a better Democrat and more strongly opposed to the policy of the radical party? What the precise terms of the bargain between him and the Republican politicians of the district may be, are known only to the high contracting parties. The simple fact that he has loaned himself to the Republicans should forfeit all confidence and trust which Democrats ever reposed on him. The candidate whom the Republican party desires to elect is not the right man to represent the Democracy in the National House of Representatives.

Of a similar character are the attempts of the radical party to elect a member of the Assembly, and thus to neutralize the voice of Centre county in the election of a United States Senator. While every voter is entitled to vote for two representatives, the radical convention nominated but one candidate, thus declaring their purpose to barter and trade, in the hopes of securing the defeat of one of our nominees. In the hopes of distracting our party, they have attempted to secure some Democrat who would lend his name as an independent candidate for the legislature, for the purpose of withdrawing support from one of the other of our candidates. In this base effort they have been less successful than in their congressional schemings. Seeing the sceptre of power departing from them, our political enemies are desperate and already are resorting to every low and cunning trick they can desire to deceive and cheat the unsuspecting Democratic voter. Pretending Democratic tickets are being circulated with the name of Cyrus T. Alexander, for Congress, in place of Levi A. Mackey, our candidate. Others with the name of John Boozer, their candidate for Assembly, in place of Samuel T. Shugert, or Simon S. Wolf, our candidates. On other tickets the name of our candidate for Congress is printed *Louis* A. Mackey, instead of *Levi* A. Mackey, his real name, and the name of our candidate for District Attorney, is printed *John* L. Spangler, instead of his proper name *Jackson* L. Spangler. Democrats, beware of these bogus tickets! Examine carefully every name upon the State, Judicial, and County ticket before voting, and thus see that these tricks of these desperate radicals and their treacherous allies meet with no success!

Democrats of Centre county! A great responsibility rests upon you! Your principle and organization are being attacked by foes without and are attempted to be betrayed by foes within! Stand by the principles of the party and the standard bearers who are leading you to victory! Do your whole duty on the 3rd of November, and you will assist in achieving as signal a triumph in Pennsylvania, as was achieved by our brethern in the great states of the West!

By order of the Committe.
JOHN H. MORRISON,
Chairman.

The Philadelphia Ring at Work

A correspondent of the Tribune gives an account of the fraudulent ring registrations in Philadelphia from which we copy the following.

Under their manipulation the registry lists swelled to amazing proportions. Vacant lots were credited with a dense population. Quiet citizens who had the curiosity to scrutinize the lists were astonished to discover that several able-bodied voters, of whose existence they had no knowledge boarded at their houses. Others learned that two or three "merchants," "clerks," or "mechanics" lived in their side yards or stables. Builders who had just laid the foundations of new dwellings found that the assessors had kindly assigned them tenants in advance, and that every prospective house was the residence of half a dozen voters. The Common Pleas Court has power to strike from the list any names which it is shown have been wrongfully placed there and two Judges Ludlow and Finletter, are giving their time to this work At first the Republican Committee in attendance at the sittings of the Court resisted the efforts of the Democrats to have the lists purged, and contested every case, but finding their opponents persistent and the Judges determined to aid in securing a fair election, they gave it up, and now appear to hope that the matter will be allowed to drop when the mythical names are stricken off and that no efforts will be made to punish the perpetrators of these gigantic crimes against the franchise. Every day's proceedings of the Court furnish new evidence of the magnitude of the registration frauds. Up to last night 4,000 bogus names had been stricken off at the instance of the Democrats. To effect these the Republicans could count but 147 stricken from lists prepared by Democratic assessors. The Democrats claim that these names were put on by pretended Democrats in the pay of the ring. In one sitting of the Court last week 573 names were erased the Republicans admitting that they were all fraudulent. Yesterday's work of purgation cleared off 608. Up to noon to day Judge Finletter's court struck off 604.

In some divisions, as the precincts are now called, where there are but 200 legal voters, from 60 to 80 bogus names have been discovered. In 24 division lists examined yesterday the average of bogus names to each was 27. If this average holds good throughout the 720 divisions in the city, fraudulent registration reaches the enormous total of 20,000 names in a voting population of about 110,000. It is a noteworthy fact that the friends of Wm. B Mann, the chief of the Ring, and their candidate for reelection to the District Attorneyship, named this figure of 20,000, a few days ago, as the majority he was sure of getting, and that since the Court has been slaughtering mythical Ring voters the pretensions of these friends have been coming down in proportion to the number of fraudulent names that have been stricken from the lists.

NENA SAHIB CAUGHT AT LAST.

The Leader in the Atrocities of 1857-59 to be Tried Immediately—London Press Demand for Exemplary Vengeance.

London, Oct. 23.—The Indian Office has just received a despatch confirming the report of the capture of Nena Sahib. He will be tried immediately at the place where he was captured. The newspapers of this city unite in demanding that exemplary vengeance be visited upon the prisoner.

"Nena Sahib,"

The Rajah of Bithoor, commonly known as the "Nena Sahib," whose capture is announced in the foregoing despatch assumed command of the native portion of the garrison of Cawnpore immediately after its revolt in 1857, and with it laid siege to the fortifications held by the English 300 strong, under General Sir Hugh Wheeler—in which fortifications all the European population of the town had taken refuge. The siege lasted for three weeks, during which time the little garrison was reduced to less than half its original number, and then—on a promise of safe conduct to Allahabad—General Wheeler surrendered. The company was allowed to embark in boats on the Ganges, but scarcely had the flotilla left the shore when a masked battery opened fire upon it. But three or four escaped, numbers being killed in the boats, while the remainder were recaptured and brought to land. The men were immediately shot. The women were kept alive for fifteen days and then were put to death with terrible tortures, and their poor bodies thrown into a well; but what had gone before made death in any form a glad deliverance. "Nena Sahib's slaughter-house" will not easily fade from the memory of men, and never can it be spoken of without bitter execrations.

HUNTING FOR A DESPERADO—HIS METHOD OF SELF PRESERVATION.

Memphis, October 21.—A letter from Fort Smith, Ark., says the United States marshal went to arrest the desperado Redmouth. The party came upon Redmouth in a deep ravine. The latter opened fire, which the posse returned. The next morning a woman, one of Redmouth's wives, was found completely riddled with bullets fired by the posse, the scoundrel having held her in front of him as a breastwork. The woman died and Redmouth escaped

MURDER IN SCHULKILL COUNTY

Pottsville, October 21.—It is reported that Elias Lesher, a well known citizen of Frackville, in this county, has been murdered. His team was found early this morning hitched to a tree three miles out in the mountains. A bloody hatchet and revolver were found near the team. His body has not been found The citizens are engaged in searching for it. Great excitement prevails in the vicinity.

THE STEAMER BROOKLYN EXPLODES HER BOILER—TWELVE LIVES LOST.

Detroit, Mich., October 22.—The propeller Brooklyn, of the Northern Transportation Company, exploded her boiler this afternoon on the river, twelve miles below the city. Sixteen persons are reported missing. The steamer Cuba brought the survivors, a number of whom are badly injured, to this city.

ENGLAND.

Further Particulars of the Hurricane.

London, October 21.—Additional dispatches have come to hand, showing that the gale in the North last night was far more severe and destructive than indicated by the first reports. The storm extended to Scotland. The steamship Chusan, from Glasgow for Shanghae, was driven ashore near Androssan and is going to pieces. Fourteen of the crew were washed overboard and drowned. The persons left on board, some fifty in number, took to the rigging where they yet remain in full sight from shore. Efforts are being made to save them. Several lives were also lost in England. Reports from Partlepool, Shields, Hull and other ports and from inland towns bring intelligence of great damage to shipping, factories and other property.

North Carolina newspapers are demanding a law for the protection of insect-destroying birds.

The Grand Jury of Salt Lake City is reported to have indicted Brigham Young for lascivious cohabiliation.

TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF PRAIRIE AND TIMBER LANDS DESTROYED.

Fort Wayne, October 21.—The fire which has been burning five miles west and southeast of this city now assumes a serious aspect. It is estimated that nearly 10,000 acres of prairie and timber lands are burning on the line of the Toledo, Wabash and Western railway, which causes a dense smoke to settle over the city and surrounding country, making it nearly as dark as night in the middle of the day and rendering breathing difficult It is feared that the fire may reach this city if we do not soon have rain.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

What is it?

This bill has passed the United States Senate. It is now before the House of Representatives. The elections in November will determine its fate.

What does this bill propose to do?

It is intended to override the right of the people of the State to pass laws to govern themselves.

It forces, by a law of Congress, the children of white parents to associate with negroes as their equals in the public schools.

It forces the officers of colleges and institutions of learning to take negroes as the equals of white students.

It forces hotel keepers to put the white guests in the same rooms and beds occupied by negroes.

It forces the managers of cemeteries to bury the negroes side by side with the whites.

It forces the managers of theatres and places of public amusement to seat the negroes by the side of the whites.

It forces the churches built by the money of white people, and congregations which support them, to give a negro any seat he demands.

It forces the managers of hospitals to put the negroes in the same room with the whites.

The penalty for violating any of the provisions of this bill is *a fine of one thousand dollars, and imprisonment for one year*, and five hundred dollars to every negro who sues for his moiety.

The provisions of this bill apply to all the States, North and South.

Will the white fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers in Pennsylvania favor this odious law?

The negroes have the same political rights now as the white men. Our German, Irish, English, and all the other naturalized citizens *have no such special legislation for their benefit.* They must take care of themselves. Shall the negro be the ONLY CLASS of people who are to have special laws for their benefit? Is the negro to have special privileges enforced by special laws, and the white man made to pay and go to prison if he objects?

We appeal to the white race, to the men and women of the white race, to repel with every influence at their command the attempt of the Radical party to degrade them to the level of the negro.

The most monstrous provision of this Civil Rights Bill is that *which gives the negro a bribe of five hundred dollars to prosecute, fine, and imprison the white man.*

We assert, without fear of denial from the Radical party, bold as that party is in assertion of falsehoods, that never before in any civilized State was such a law ever proposed to be inflicted on a people.

For the Reporter.

EDITOR OF REPORTER—Sir:—I published a notice in your paper the following issue after the Dem. Co. convention made the nominations stating that I would explain certain charges laid against me as a public officer during the canvass for the office of District Attorney. I feel it a personal duty, as well as a public demand to answer the charges that were set up against me, for political effect only. *First*—I was charged with settling the liquor cases and being paid well for so doing, that seldom ever any of them reached the court. This charge was circulated among the temperance men. *Second*—that I forced the violators of the liquor law into court in order to make money off them, that I had spies out to hunt them up; this charge was circulated among the landlords and their friends. *Third*—that I had taken illegal fees that I had charged a certain Samuel Armagast fifty dollars for settling a common wealth case. That twenty five witnesses and shippers had been returned to court, and that I had charged them ten dollars apiece; that I had presented an unitemized bill to the county commissioners for fees to the amount of twelve hundred dollars; that they reduced it nine hundred dollars. *Fourths*—that I had built a house worth ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and had made it all out of the office, as I was poor when I went into office—a very different argument from the one used when I was a candidate the first time—then it was argued that I was rich and did not need the office. *Fifth*—I failed to pay witnesses their costs, that I shaved them or kept back a part. These different charges, along with a host of others of a less serious nature, though just as infamous that, were thoroughly circulated against me, to persons most likely to believe the ill-gotten argument. My *first* answer is that I never settled a liquor case, nor did I ever retain a cent for settling this or any other class of cases. There was money left in an indirect way in my possession which was paid over into the county Treasury, but not one cent ever retained by me. I was different times offered large fees to settle liquor cases, and was threatened at the same time when I refused to smuggle for them, that it was the last time I would be District Attorney. *Second*—I never forced any one into court, any one can see that I would be well paid by me for forcing them into court. *Third*—I never took an illegal fee, if it were true it would be a misdemeanor in office and I would be liable to a fine of one thousand dollars, a year imprisonment and a removal from office; why then not touch me a profitable lesson if I have ever done or attempted to do so? As to Samuel Armagast who was returned for fornication and bastardy, the case was settled, April Session 1873 by his agreeing to pay three hundred dollars in installments of fifty dollars each every six months, until it was all paid and to pay the cost of prosecution. The first fifty dollars was paid down to Daniel Bohn, the man with whom the girl lived. The costs, some twenty dollars, Armagast asked me to wait for until the next week. I did so favor him as he came back the 30 of September, and said he had bad luck, but would pay it the following week. He asked me to loan him eighteen dollars to get some express goods out of the office. I gave it to him, he promising to return it with the costs. The costs were collected a few days ago by a justice of the Peace and I have not received the eighteen dollars. This is the way I received fifty dollars. Armagast has not paid the children to the girl, and yet the lying, scheming story was circulated in good faith against me. There was never a word copper returned to court, nor did I ever receive a cent from one; neither did I ever present an unitemized bill for fees to the County Commissioners, nor did they ever reduce my fees one cent. I explained through the columns of your paper and the Watchman, that I had paid out of my pocket a large amount of commonwealth costs as a favor to witnesses and that the commissioners would not pay it to me until the prisoners were discharged from the Penitentiary, thereby doing me a great injustice. *Fourth*—the office, as I stated before, was only worth to me from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year. This any one can see by examining the Quarter sessions Docket. *Fifth*—I have never retained any witness's cost, nor did I ever deny them one cent that due them. If I have ever wronged any man out of one cent let him charge me so publicly, and let the penalty of the law be inflicted. I have unjustly and schemingly been wronged, and would not have published these answers had not some of my friends urged me to do so, as well as a personal duty that I owed to myself. I feel conscious of having discharged my duty as District Attorney without fear or favor. I no doubt disappointed some by not disregarding my oath and duty—with these explanations I close for the present, not blaming the *party* for not re-nominating me for the second term, as it was the custom and usage of the party so to do, but only blame the ring within the party. JOHN F. POTTER,
District Attorney

The official despatches from General Miles give full particulars of the fight on the Washita, September 12–13, between a party of six soldiers bearing despatches from McClellan to Camp Supply and 125 Kiowas and Comanches. The party was in charge of Sergeant Z. L. Woodhall, and consisted of privates Peter Rath, John Harrington, and George W. Smith, Fifth Cavalry, and Amos Chapman and William Dixon. At 6 a. m. they were surrounded and all wounded at the first fire, Smith mortally, Rath and Dixon slightly, the other three severely. While the others kept off the enemy, one man dug a small trench with his knife and hands into which all huddled, Smith, though mortally wounded, sitting upright with the rest lest the Indians should know how the party was weakened. Under a cold and pelting rain, without food and with nothing to drink save the rain water, with which, as it collected in the trench, mingled their own blood, they held out till aid reached them thirty-six hours after. Till dark of the first day they were constantly under fire with a foe twenty-five times their number at a range so short that frequently they had to use their revolvers. They retained in these throughout one cartridge each, having resolved to commit suicide should they be overpowered. After fighting for thirteen hours the Indians retired, with ten or twelve killed. Private Smith died a few hours afterwards.

FIRE IN WILLIAMSBURGH.

Just after midnight this morning a fire broke out in the three-story frame building No. 239 North Sixth street Williamsburg, owned and occupied by William Hess as a cabinet manufactory resulting in a loss to building, stock and machinery of about $16,000. The two story frame building 237 North Sixth street also burned, and the carpenter shop of Valentine & Co., loss $3,000.

On Thursday morning last, Mrs Cathrine Farrel, an old woman, nearly seventy years of age, was found lying cold and stiff in death, on the street in Donaldson, a village in Schuylkill county, her death having been caused by excessive drink. A son picked up the lifeless body of his mother and had it decently interred.

——Who heaped more abuse upon the republicans, in the last dozen years, than Alexander, and now he would have them vote for him, after being fairly beaten in the democratic conference.

A FINE BERKSHIRE BOAR,

19 months old, is offered for sale by the undersigned Also thorough bred sheats and grade pigs, different sizes.

J. L. GOODHART,
29 Oct 3t. Gregg twp.

REGISTERS NOTICES.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of Record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County to be held at Bellefonte, for allowance and confirmation, on Wednesday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1874.

1. The account of James Glenn administrator of &c., of Daniel Riley late of Harris twp., Centre county, dec'd.

2. The account of Samuel Tibbens guardian of Emanuel, Franklin, Jacob, Josephine and Jeremiah Garbrick, children of Hannah Garbrick dec'd.

3. The account of A. C. Witherite, and M. W. Fetzer administrators of &c., of Andrew Fetzer late of Boggs twp., Centre Co., dec'd.

4. The account of Jeremiah Haines and Jonathan Gramley, Executors of &c., of George Gramley, late of Penn twp., Centre Co., dec'd.

5. The account of J. D. Shugert, Guardian of Bella J. Hoover, a minor child of John T. Hoover late of Bellefonte, dec'd.

6. The account of the administration of Rudolph Gingerich, administrator of &c., of Mrs. Fanny Gingerich, late of Worth twp., Centre Co., dec'd.

7. The account of George Mark, administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Nicholas Bressler, late of Penn twp., dec'd.

8. The account of J. P. Gephart, surviving administrator of &c., of George Shaffer late of Walker twp., dec'd.

JOHN H. MORRISON,
Oct. 29 Register.

TALMAGES PAPER.—THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK (New York) ranks with the best of the religious weeklies. Dr. TALMAGE is its active editor, and his sermons are published exclusively in its columns. The terms, $3.25 per annum, cover everything, including postage and delivery of the new premium, a "Portfolio of Twelve Gems," or a copy of LANDSEER'S "TWINS." Without the premium it is only $3 per annum, postage prepaid, as above. Agents will find this a success. Oct 22 2t.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County No. 73 April T. 1874, In Equity.

Peter Ruble vs Wm. Wolf et al.

The undersigned having been appointed by the said Court Examiner and Master to take testimony and frame a decree in the above case, will attend to the duties of the appointment on Monday the 9th day of November next at 10 o'clock a. m. at his office in Bellefonte, when and where all persons interested are requested to attend. ADAM HOY.
Bellefonte Oct. 17, 1874. Master &c.
22 Oct 3t.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

Will be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on Saturday, Nov. 7th, 1874.

The following real estate, belonging to the Estate of Peter Darst, dec'd., consisting of a valuable farm of

118 ACRES,

more or less, situate 1 mile from Potters Mills. Thereon erected a TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN and other outbuildings, with two good Orchards and all kinds of the best fruit on the premises, and a good spring of never failing water near the house. Also,

EIGHTY ACRES of TIMBERLAND, situate in Potter twp., 2 miles from Potters Mills. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock. P. M. Terms will be made known on day of sale. JOHN RISHEL,
JOSHUA POTTER,

N. B.—If the said farm is not sold on day above mentioned, it will be offered for rent at public outcry, on same day. 7 Nov.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE,

In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on Friday, Nov. 6th, 1874, a

VALUABLE FARM,

situate in Potter twp., 2½ miles west of Potters Mills; known as the farm of Rev. Daniel Kerr, dec'd, containing about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

Bounded on the east by lands of Wm. Kirby, on the south and west by public road, north by lands of Mr Shadow and John Stoner. Thereon erected a good TWO STORY FRAME HOUSE, BANK BARN, and first class outbuildings, good fruit of all kinds, and a never failing spring of water near the house.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase money on confirmation of sale; the balance in two equal annual payments, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises with interest. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.

W. W. SPANGLER,
21 sep. td Administrator.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE! Will be exposed at public sale and sold to the highest bidder, on the premises, on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1874,

at one o'clock P. M. that VALUABLE FARM, late the property of William Keller, deceased, situated in Penn township, Centre County, about one mile east of Centre hall, Containing

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE ACRES

and twenty eight perches and allowance. Thereon erected a large two-story brick house, large bank barn and all other necessary out buildings, about one hundred and fifty acres cleared and under good fence and in a

HIGH STATE OF CULTIVATION,

an orchard, containing about three acres, filled with excellent apple and other fruit trees. A splendid spring of water near the house, with excellent spring house, two cisterns at the house and one at the barn. Will also be sold at same time and place a

TRACT OF TIMBER LAND,

one half mile from Centre Hall, containing about twelve acres. Terms made known on day of sale. For further particulars inquire of John H. Keller, at Centre Hall on the premises.

DAVID W. KELLER, WM. KELLER, JR.
P. F. KELLER, C. O. KELLER,
SAMUEL FOSTER.
Guardian of W. K. FOSTER.

Also at the same time and place. I will offer at public sale my valuable farm, containing 117½ acres, adjoining the above offered premises. A further description of the farm is unnecessary, as it is well known throughout the valley.
Oct., 6 3t SAMUEL F. FOSTER.

DEATHS.

On the 23rd inst. W. A. son of A. and E. Winklebleck, aged 2 years, 6 months, and 11 days.

On 24 in Millheim, Miss Lizzie, daughter of John Alters, aged about 24 years.

On 24, in Millheim, Mrs. Weiser, wife of Benj. Weiser, aged about 25 years.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Farm Notes.

It is mentioned in the *London Garden* that when the Cheshire market gardeners wish to keep their onions for an unusual length of time, they nail them in bundles on the outside of the house, and, in this way, slightly protected from the wet by the eaves, they keep, on an average, five weeks longer than those of the same varieties and of the same crop, stored in the ordinary manner.

A well-known breeder of Light Brahmas records it as his experience that from a large rooster you get large chickens, and from a small one, small chickens. He adds: "I know this is so. I don't care if you have only six-pound hens, if you have a twelve-pound cock you will get big chickens."

A Tennessee correspondent tells the *Rural Sun* that he cured chicken cholera by "taking essence of ginger one tablespoonful, putting it in enough water to mix into dough a quart of meal and feeding three times a day."

Mr. M. B. Batchman expresses his opinion that ten years from this time very few strawberries will be grown for our city markets without the aid of irrigation.

Calves may be turned into a good clover aftermath, or a wheat-stubble, if the young clover is thrifty. Half an ounce of salt daily will prevent bloat. If they can get skimmed, or even sour milk until six months old, they will be the better for it.

Cows need extra feed, or they will fall off in milk. Corn, or the green fodder, should be given them daily in addtion to their pasture. Carbolic soap suds left to dry upon their legs will keep flies at a distance. Three hours at noon in a cool, clean stable will be a grateful change for them from a hot, unshaded pasture.

A correspondent of the *Poultry World* recommends the administration of sulphur for gapes in chickens. He wets the tip of a feather (the rest being stripped to the quill), and rubs it in the sulphur, and then introduces it into the trachea of the sick chicken. One application is found sufficient.

A writer in the *Northwestern Farmer* gives the following hints to those about purchasing milking stock: A crumply horn, full eye, head small and short, dished face, that is, sunk between the eyes, skin soft and loose, deep from the loin to the udder, and very slim tail.

Fall Pasturing of Meadows.

A luxuriant growth of young, fresh grass in meadows during the fall usually tempts farmers to turn in their stock and feed it down. This practice is far too general for the good of meadows, and the "running out" of the best species of grass for hay is due in a great measure to this fall pasturing. Timothy in particular is a grass which is greatly strengthened by an unchecked fall growth. As is well known, the root is a sort of bulb, which can scarcely be considered more than an annual production; a new stem springs from the side of the old bulb every season. Soon after the old stem is mature or is cut away, a new one starts from a bud near the base of the bulb, growing up in the form of a few leaves, gathering sustenance from the earth and air during the autumn months, preparatory to a more vigorous growth the following season, when the flower stalks appear.

Where meadows are composed of mixed grasses, or, as is very commonly the case, red clover and timothy, stock will always eat out the best, leaving the poorest. They will seldom touch the clover, so long as a spear of grass can be found, and of the latter the very best species usually suffer most from late pasturing.

Upon very rich soils where the aftermath appears vigorous and thick, pasturing for a while in autumn may not cause any considerable injury to the next year's crop, but there are very few meadows, and especially in dry seasons, that will long withstand the cutting of a crop of hay and close pasturing the same season.

As a general practice, it would be a far preferable system to top-dress a meadow as soon as the hay is removed, and then cut the aftermath, if sufficiently strong, instead of pasturing. If dry weather follows haying, the second growth will be none too vigorous for giving strength or protection to the roots in winter, and if wet weather follows, the tramping of cattle will be more or less injurious according to the nature of the soil and kinds of grasses cultivated.

Ten Rules for Farmers.

1. Take good papers and read them.
2. Keep an account of farm operations.
3. Do not leave implements scattered over the farm, exposed to snow, rain, and heat.
4. Repair tools and buildings at a proper time, and do not suffer subsequent threefold expenditure of time and money.
5. Use money judiciously, and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap.
6. See that fences are well repaired, and cattle not grazing in the meadows, or grain fields, or orchards.
7. Do not refuse to make correct experiments, in a small way, of many new things.
8. Plant fruit trees well, care for them, and of course get good crops.
9. Practice economy by giving stock shelter during the winter; also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half rotten, or mouldy.
10. Do not keep tribes of cats and snarling dogs around the premises, who eat more in a month than they are worth in a life time.

Prize Farms.

It is a part of the regular business of the English agricultural associations to offer premiums, frequently of $500 in amount, for the best cultivated farms. Generally there are three premiums offered for the first, second and third best of the farms entered for competition. In some parts of Germany, in addition to the award of prizes to the best managed farms, the worst cultivated farms are sought out, and the students of the agricultural schools are given the opportunity of comparing the worst and best managed farms together. This is a most valuable aid in their education. We commend the idea of awarding premiums to the best-cultivated farms of certain districts to the State agricultural societies, believing this would result in great good. The prize farms might not be visited by a large number of farmers from a distance, but the agricultural journals would take pains to make known in the widest manner everything of interest connected with them.

Winter Apples.

Get a few nice clean barrels, place them by the side of your trees in the orchard; then pick your best fruit off the tree one at a time, carefully laying them in a basket fastened to the ladder on which you stand, the fruit to be removed singly by hand into the barrel, and carefully and accurately placed therein, so as to fit tightly and evenly, until it is full. Nail on the lid and put away in the cellar (if dry) until you wish to dispose of them. Don't do all this just after a rain, or in early morning when the heavy dew is covering fruit and leaves, bearing in mind that extraneous moisture helps along the decaying process with unerring certainty. The second class fruit, to be used first, may be put in large boxes, or in bins, but at all times, and under all circumstances, handle with the greatest care.

Keeping Eggs.

An English paper is authority for the statement that if eggs intended for setting are stored with the large end down they will keep perfectly good for hatching more than a month. The reason given is that the air bubble does not spread so much as when the small end is down, and that the spreading of the bubble injures the vitality of the egg. A successful poultry breeder in Massachusetts claims to have proved the correctness of this assertion, and he adds that eggs thus treated will all hatch at once, instead of varying several hours,

AZALEA.

Azalea. I shall never forget when the name first caught my eyes. It was late at night, and I was sitting up waiting for father's coming home. Our room, over Lambeth way, was hot and stuffy, and there was a restlessness on me as I sat in the dark, and looked out into the street that was full of moonlight. Harry, my brother, who had been hot and feverish and drowsy all day, had tumbled to sleep on the hearthrug, and there was only his hard breathing to break the silence. I listened to it till its monotony drove me wild. I walked to and fro till I felt stifled, and at last I thought, "I will steal down and get a mouthful of air. The street's so quiet, I shall hear father's step long before he comes. And he may be glad if I meet him."

So I crept out of the house. I was glad to breathe the fresh air, and it and the moonlight seemed all one, and soothed and quieted me. I wandered down the street towards the river, and stood at the corner waiting and reveling in the coolness. As I did so I noticed that the light fell strong upon a boarding, covered with huge posters, round a building they were running up, and it was so light that I could read these quite plainly. There were many fine and smart, but none so big and showy as one with great letters that seemed tumbling forwards, and those letters made the word "Azalea."

"They are taller than I am, surely," I thought; "I will go and measure. They won't tumble on me for all they look so terrible."

And I ran over the road—forgetful of all else in the moment—and marched up and down in front of the letters, which towered far above as if I had been in an arcade. For I was little more than a child, and so small and light that I looked even younger than I was. Though Harry was younger, we looked much of an age, and were indeed singularly alike, especially as to our bearing and way of carrying ourselves; but this was not surprising, for Harry as an acrobat's son had been well trained, and I, out of mere daring and love of the thing, could do all that he could do—some of the feats, father said, even better. But perhaps he only said this to spur Harry on, for he was not much given to praising us. He was a hard, stern man, with an eye like an eagle's, black and scorching under his bushy brows, that used to look us into obedience without his saying ever a word. Still he was kind to us in his way, and would have been more so, I think, but the acrobat's is a trying life, and the drink he took made him irritable.

I marched up and down before the letters, as I have said, and fell to wondering what they meant; and as I did so, all at once a rough hand was twisted into my curls—they hung right to my waist—and a rough voice demanded fiercely what I did there at that hour. It was father—the worse for liquor, I could see, for his eyes were like hot coals, and at first he was disposed to be angry; but as he looked up from my terrified face to the big letters, his stern face relaxed, and he loosened his grip of my hair.

"How did you know of this Minnie?" he demanded.

"Of what, father?" I stammered.

"The poster there. You came to look at the fine poster, didn't you? How did you find it out?"

He saw by my look that I did not understand him, and when I muttered something about only coming out for a breath of fresh air, dragged me into the middle of the road, and with impressible pride pointed again to the grand letters.

"Look at them," he cried. "Beautiful, ain't they? I've done the trick at last, my girl. The French gentleman that came to see Harry tumble, last week, will make our fortunes. Your brother is Azalea!"

I was so surprised that I could not answer. It fairly took my breath away. He gave one more look full of pride at the word, and we went back to the house. On the way he told me, with a garrulity unusual with him, of what had happened—how the French gentleman had hit upon the novelty—how that it consisted of a sort of "vampire-trap," from which the performer was to be shot up into the air twenty or thirty feet, and to alight on a stage there—and how that Harry had just met the French gentleman's requirements, both from his skill and his girlish appearance, because the excitement to be created about Azalea would be increased from there being a mystery whether it was a boy or a girl.

We entered the house as he finished, and I tripped upstairs and lit a candle, which I gave to father as he entered our room. Harry was still sleeping on the rug, breathing hard. The light showed us his face—it was bright red. He has been stricken with fever; and before the week was out, we two, huddled together in the corner of a coach, followed the poor boy to his grave.

* * * * * * * *

Azalea took the town.

"How!" you will exclaim; "was he not really dead, then?" Alas! yes, and truly, deeply mourned over. My father was in a passion of grief at his loss, and in deep despair at the consequences. The French gentleman came to the house half-frenzied. "But man," cried he, "I have spent a fortune in advertising this—this son of yours!"

"True, and it is most unfortunate—" my father began.

"Bah!" cried the other, and bounded out of the room. In doing so he nearly tumbled over me as I crouched weeping in the passage, so that I cried out. He stepped aside—startled—rapped out a French oath—and darting into the room he had just quitted, slammed-to the door. There was a long conversation in subdued voices, and when at length he quitted the house, his face was radiant and his courtesy profuse. On the mat he presented me with the rose from his buttonhole, and kissed the tips of the tight gloves he seemed to have been born in, all the way as he backed down the steps out into the middle of the road.

That night I gave my father a promise that I would face the public in place of our poor lost Harry, and try my hardest to realize the golden dreams his death had shattered. And later, when he thought me sleeping, I stole out to have another look at the great letters on the wall. They had a fresh meaning for me now, and oh, how huge and terrible they looked! Surely they were bigger than ever as I cowered down before them. And they bent forward farther and farther, as if to crush me—poor little mite that I was—till I was fain to cry out and tear myself away from them in mortal terror.

I kept my word though, and practiced hard, thinking much of what I had to do and little of first might come of it; sustained, moreover, by encouragement both from my father and the Frenchman—who every day gave me a flower from his button-hole, and kissed his glove-tips whenever he caught my eye, as if in that act he administered some reviving cordial—and so at length the first night's performance came with triumphant results, and Azalea was the idol of the town.

There was something vastly pleasant in the position. The performance I had undertaken involved danger every night. But I had no fear, and the ringing plaudits, and the sweet sense of popularity, drove all thoughts of danger out of my head. Sometimes I fancied that there was an anxious, a pained look in my father's face, as he waited on me and watched my every movement, inspiring me with confidence by his eagle glance; but whatever his apprehensions, I did not share them, and in time grew easy to indifference. At last—but quite at last—I even overcame my awe of the great letters on the wall, beside which I was so insignificant, and grew to amusing myself with the fancy that they simply bent forward out of courtesy towards me, joining in the general homage.

So I was proud and happy in my strange life, and I might have continued to be so, but for one circumstance. I had noticed, but without attaching any meaning to it, that on most nights a particular box was occupied by a curious-looking person, who watched me with concentrated attention. He was an elderly man, with dyed black hair hanging long about a colorless face. A singular ravenous look was in his eyes, and he had a habit of twitching up his face, so as to show a long row of white teeth, evidently false. As he sat he would rest his thin bony hands, clutched together hard, on the front of the box, a tremulous diamond showing that he endured strong nervous excitement.

These peculiarities I should never have noticed, but that all at once a rumor reached me, investing this man with a terrible interest. I came to know—I cannot tell how—that he had a fixed conviction that my career would terminate fatally, and a half morbid desire to be present on the occasion. Thus he never missed a night. He was always in the house, and always, if possible, in the place in which I had noticed him.

Slowly but surely the presence of this man, combined with the knowledge of why he came, began to have a strange effect upon me. I began to be haunted with the thought of him. It mixed up with my dreams and broke my rest. It troubled my waking hours to such an extent that I grew nervous, distracted and irritable, and pride and pleasure alike went. I began to shrink with apprehension from my nightly task. I found myself speculating on the possibilities of failure, of mutilation, of sudden death. Doubt of my own powers tended towards real incapacity. The terror of the letters on the walls revived, and at sight of the now-familiar name my heart would throb violently, and my limbs tremble.

"If he would only absent himself for once—for once only!" I found myself repeating all day; and "You will fail! you will fail!" rang in my mind like a demon chorus.

There could be but one end to this. At last it came. One night, as I was nerving myself for the great leap (a dead silence and hush of expectation in the house), and just as I had given the signal this man rose from his seat. His doing so attracted my gaze, my concentration was lost, my will was paralyzed. The spring sent me flying into the air—there was a cry, a crash, a surging as of tumultuous in-rushing waves, and then a blank!

After that night Azalea appeared no more.

* * * * *

In the very clutch of death I was yet spared; my father had saved my life; but I had received injuries which resulted in a long and weary illness. Happily my exertions had placed us in comparative affluence, though the success had chiefly enriched the old Frenchman, who had never failed, during my long illness, to call daily, leaving me a flower and his card, until I had whole packs of the latter on the little table at my bedside.

When I began to recover we traveled, and once I was horrified at seeing on the platform of a railway station, as we dashed past, the white face of the man who had waited to gloat over my death. Eventually we settled down in a little midland village, where we were unknown, and our antecedents unsuspected.

And so the story of my life might have ended, but that it chanced to me to meet and favorably impress the son of a gentleman of that neighborhood. He made me the offer of his hand. With the memory of the past vividly before me, I promptly refused. It was not right, I knew, that one who had filled the compromising position I had done should become the wife of a man of family and position. But he would not be repulsed. Again and again he urged his suit, till refusal became rudeness, and there was but one thing left for me to do. It was necessary to take him into my confidence, and I did so.

Need I say that his amazement knew no bounds? He could not for the moment find words in which to give expression to it. When he did, it was only to express his half-incredulity. He had, himself, witnessed Azalea's exploits. And was it indeed a woman? And I that woman?

"You see," I urged, "there is a barrier between us which nothing can overleap. Would to Heaven you could have believed this, and spared me this humiliation."

He took my hand.

"Minnie," he said, "be my wife."

"No, no, no," I protested; "consider your position, your family, the friends it would estrange, the contempt it would bring upon you. I dare not!"

But my protestations were in vain. He prevailed, because he loved me, and because I returned that love, oh, so truly, so utterly! I became his happy wife—happy, yes; and yet one little cloud would hover in the blue expanse of my married life.

Never for one instant did Frank reproach me with the past; never, that I could discern, did he shrink from allusion to it, as to a subject which we could discuss freely and openly, without shame or regret. And yet I worried myself with the fear whether in his heart of hearts he might not sometimes regret the step that he had taken, and whether he might not even unconsciously come to regard me with less respect, with less consideration than those about him upon whose past there was no shadow, and who had within their hearts no secret. In all this I deeply wronged him. His heart had no such feeling; the loyalty of his affection was untainted by any such reproach.

I came to know this in time for true and certain. The cloud was lifted, and went in a day, in an hour—ay, in a single minute. That minute I shall never forget. Our first baby-child, our little bright-eyed darling, lay upon my knees, laughing, crowing, and striving to thrust its dimpled hand into its mouth.

Frank bent over—the evening sunshine on his curls.

"Baby must be christened soon, dear," I said; "she must have a name, and we have never talked this over."

"There was no need," he answered. I looked up.

"What! you have chosen, then?" I asked.

"Yes, love."

"Oh, tell me! tell me! what are we to call her?"

He bent, kissing my brow, and with a smile that showed how well he knew that he kissed away my hidden trouble, answered:

"Azalea."

Military Education in France.

Colonel Forney writes from Paris: "France is putting herself in military order after the Prussian model. The catastrophe of 1870 was a great educator. There is a fine lad of seventeen in my 'pension' who has been helping me with my correspondence. He talks English, and the other day he said, 'I must now go to my professor.' 'Your professor, Armand; how is that?' 'Why, you see, when I am nineteen I go into the French army under the law passed after the war, by which all of our young men must serve five years, unless they show themselves qualified in certain branches of education, as history, geography, arithmetic. If they are up in these, they need only serve one year. I have my teacher an hour every day, and I feel sure of a good number, and an early and honorable discharge for superiority in history, geography, algebra, and the natural sciences. If I prove proficient in these branches I serve only one year; so I am working to get the other four years to myself.' It is unnecessary to discuss the advantages of such a system in a military power. The government secures good soldiers and intelligent citizens at the same time."

Wants Some Money.

—Shortly before the outbreak of the insurrection in Louisiana the United States Government sold a number of old ironclads at auction for $10,000 each, but the sale was not entirely consummated and delivery was not made. When the disturbances began the Government used the monitors for various purposes, and still holds them. The person to whom they were struck off at the auction filed a claim for their use as his property at the rate of $5,000 a day.

New York Fire Department.

The aggregate strength of the New York Fire Department is 705 men, 40 steam engines with tenders, 18 hook and ladder trucks, and four chemical engines, with tenders. The force is divided into ten battalions, each in charge of a chief. Thirty-three engine companies located in the section of the city situated below the southerly line of Central Park, have each a foreman, an assistant foreman, an engineer and assistant engineer of steamer, and eight firemen; and twelve hook and ladder companies, located within the same limit, have each a foreman, an assistant foreman, and ten firemen, a total of 12 men to a company. In the section north of Fifty-ninth street, and south of Harlem river, five engine companies and four hook and ladders companies are located. These companies are organized in the same manner as those located in the more thickly settled portion of the city, except having a complement of ten instead of twelve men. For the protection of the suburbs, comprised in the lately annexed section of Westchester county, there are two steamers, each manned by an assistant foreman, one engineer of steamer, two firemen and eight horsemen; four chemical engines, with an assistant foreman, two firemen and five horsemen to each, and two hook and ladder companies, each manned by an assistant foreman, two firemen and nine laddermen. "Horsemen" and "laddermen," or "Buffaloes," can duly win the privilege of attending to their regular avocations at points convenient to the house of their respective companies.

The various companies are called to a fire by the use of a telegraph system, using 730 miles of wire on 4,400 poles; 565 alarm-boxes, numbered and equipped with Morse instruments, are stationed throughout the city, from which an alarm can be instantaneously transmitted to headquarters from whence it is "sent out" over a gong circuit connecting with the quarters of each company. Upon an alarm being received, the well-trained horses trot to their places, and impatiently wait for the word to go. Within twenty seconds after the alarm is received five steam engines, followed by tenders equipped with fifteen lengths of hose, and three hook and ladder companies, are moving rapidly to the fire, and within four minutes the companies are at work, with hose stretched in and ladders up, ready to pour water on the flames at the rate of four hundred gallons a minute.

Upon a second alarm being sounded, three more steamers and two hook and ladder companies respond; and if additional assistance is needed, "special calls" are made for companies located at a distance from the fire. Care is always taken to have every section covered.

The assistant foremen are, by virtue of their rank, members of a corps of sappers and miners, organized by act of the Legislature, for the purpose of throwing down dangerous walls, or blowing up houses, in cases of urgent necessity.

When a steamer dashes through Broadway, the "runner" keeps about one block ahead of the engine, to clear a passage. The Broadway squad of police also aid in this, one officer clearing the street of vehicles to the extent of his beat, when the next one starts off.

An idea of the value of property protected by the New York Fire Department may be had, when it is known that more than ninety thousand buildings, covering forty-two square miles of ground, besides several hundred seagoing vessels of all sizes, are within the limits of New York city.

A Doubter.

There was a man who lived in Case county, Georgia, many years ago, who had once been in the State Legislature, and never neglected an opportunity to emphasize the fact. He was a perfect infidel as to new discoveries and new sciences, being well satisfied that if the world should turn over the water would spill out of his well, and only giving in to steam cars by slow degrees. But all the vials of his contempt were poured out upon the idea of a telegraph, and he was wont to say that nobody need try to come "the green" over him in that way, for he had been in the Legislature.

Finally the State road was built, and one day workmen began to put up telegraph posts right in front of the house, and to stretch wire. His exultant neighbors thought they had him on that occasion, and said:

"Well, old fellow, what do you think of telegraphs now?"

He was cornered, but died game. Drawing himself up an inch taller, he said:

"Gentlemen, when I was in the Legislature I gave this subject my very attentive consideration, and I said then, as I say now, that it may do for letters and small bundles, but it will never take a cotton bale, never!"

Waste of Men, Guns and Powder.

The Ordnance Department reports the following facts as to the miserable gunnery practiced in war:

"Of the 27,574 muskets picked up on the battlefield at Gettysburg and turned into the Washington Arsenal, at least 24,000 were loaded. About *one-half* of this number contained *two* cartridges each, *one-fourth* contained from *three* to *ten* charges each, and the balance *one* charge. The largest number of cartridges found in any one piece was *twenty-three*. In some cases the paper of the cartridges was unbroken, and in others the powder was uppermost."

It is seen that the effective fire of the combatants was practically reduced by 18,000 men, for 18,000 muskets were useless, those who held them were of course "paralyzed." Or, to put it another way, 18,000 men in their confusion improperly loaded their muskets and thus rendered themselves almost useless as combatants, and probably many of them were shot down without inflicting any injury on their opponents.

A Foolish Feminine Balloonist.

When Professor Donaldson on his recent balloon trip in Philadelphia, with six ladies in a basket, was at an elevation of 10,659 feet, or nearly two miles above the earth, one of the ladies, with more enthusiasm than prudence, secretly cut loose a bag of ballast weighing sixty pounds. To those acquainted with aerial navigation the result needs no explanation. Imperceptibly and without the slightest evidence of rapid movement—except the peculiar buzzing sensation in the ears—the balloon went up until the barometer showed an ascent of 3,000 feet in three minutes, making the total elevation of 13,659 feet, and but 950 feet less than the elevation the instrument was made to register. Donaldson, ever on the alert, discovered the situation even before consulting the barometer, and for the first time during the trip pulled the valve cord. The gas rushed out with a noise which, at that elevation, sounded like steam, and the balloon descended rapidly.

The Grangers.

From authentic sources it is ascertained that the number of insubordinate granges of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, on the 1st of October, was 20,805. The increase of new granges during the month of September last was 409, which is several hundred less than for the corresponding period last year; in fact, for several months past, the number of subordinate granges established has fallen off considerably since last year, owing to the effect that granges have already been established in almost every county in the United States. The aggregate number of grangers in the United States is estimated at 1,500,000. The States having more than 1,000 subordinate granges are as follows: Iowa, 2,000; Missouri, 1,992; Indiana, 1,991; Illinois, 1,513; Kentucky, 1,425; Kansas, 1,350; Ohio, 1,031; Tennessee, 1,003. The next session of the National Grange will be held at Charleston, S. C., on the first Wednesday in February next.

SUMMARY OF NEWS,

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention nominated Thos. Talbot for Governor, and H. G. Knight for Lieutenant-Governor. The resolutions adopted are in favor of a gold basis; against inflation of currency; favors civil rights, and ignores entirely the liquor question. The election in Delaware for inspectors was successful for the Democrats. The election for members to the Legislature in Georgia resulted in giving a Democratic majority on the joint ballot of 205. The workingmen of New York nominated Chas. A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, for Mayor. The Republicans nominated Andrew Williams, of Flattsburg, for Congress from the Eighteenth New York District. John R. Tarbox was nominated for Congress from the Lowell, Mass., district by the Democratic Convention. The Democrats of the Second Congressional District of Kentucky renominated John Young Brown. Hon. Harlo Hakes, of Hornellsville, was nominated by the Republicans of the Twenty-ninth New York District for member of Congress. The Democratic Convention of the Fourteenth Illinois District nominated J. H. Pickrell, of Macon county, for Congress. Mr. Pickrell is also the nominee of the Farmers', or Independent, Convention. The Republicans of the Fifth Wisconsin District nominated Col. John Cochrane, of Dodge county, for Congress. Col. Cochrane is Master of the State Grange of Patrons of Husbandry. The Democratic Convention in the First Michigan District nominated Gen. A. S. Williams, of Detroit, for Congress. Gen. Williams is also the nominee of the Liberals.

Judge McCue has decided that lager beer cannot be legally sold on Sunday in Brooklyn. The loss occasioned by the late typhoon at Hong Kong is estimated at $5,000,000. The shore for miles around is strewed with the wrecks of vessels that were destroyed by the typhoon. The Porte of Turkey has sent 50,000 bushels of corn to relieve the famine-distressed people of Asia Minor, and 11,000 oxen to plow their fields. The London *Globe* says: "A telegram from Shanghai says that war has been declared between China and Japan. We are not able to confirm the report." The Grand Jury at Salt Lake indicted one of their own number, Thomas E. Bicks, for lascivious cohabitation. He is charged with having five wives, three of whom he married since 1862. His own daughter is one of the principal witnesses against him. North Carolina newspapers are demanding a law for the protection of insect-destroying birds. Railroad train employees in Nevada, from the conductor to the firemen, go armed for the purpose of putting gamblers and other thieves off. Amos Chapman and Dixon, two scouts, with two citizens, a sergeant and one enlisted man, with Gen. Miles' command, lay in a sand hole surrounded and attacked by 150 Indians, defended themselves for a whole day, one of them the sergeant, being killed and all the others being badly wounded.

The miners of the West Riding, Yorkshire, England, having refused to consent to a reduction of 20 per cent. in their wages, have been locked out to the number of 6,000. The East Parish Church of Aberdeen, the finest edifice of its kind in the north of Scotland, has been destroyed by fire. The Archbishop of Cologne has been released after an imprisonment for sixth months and nine days. The remainder of the term of which he was sentenced will be treated as canceled. At the Toronto Assizes Charles Leavitt was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Provincial Penitentiary for committing a burglary in Yorkville. Leavitt was the accomplice of a burglar who entered the house of Joseph Dain last winter, and in a struggle which ensued Dain was dangerously wounded. Rice is now the best-paying crop of the South. Highland rice yields twice as many bushels to the acre as Indian corn. J. O. Hanson, of Morgan county, Ga., shot his father twice fatally. After committing the deed he fled and has not since been heard from. Liquor was the cause of this crime. John Means, Republican, has been nominated for Congress from the Tenth District of Kentucky. The Democrats of the Twenty-ninth New York District nominated Col. Charles C. B. Walker, of Steuben county, for Congress. Rufus S. Frost was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Fourth Massachusetts District.

Lawrence Grace, about twenty-seven years of age, living at Buskirk's Bridge, N. Y., murdered his wife recently by cutting two long, deep gashes in her abdomen with a razor, and then repaired to another part of the house and committed suicide by cutting his throat. The Democrats of the Twenty-fifth New York District, comprising the counties of Onondaga and Cortland, nominated Geo. H. Comstock for Congress. Gen. Mackenzie, after repelling two attacks by the Indians on his column, marched all night and surprised at sunrise five camps of Cheyennes and allies in the canon Citro Blanco, on Jute Creek. A decisive blow was inflicted. The troops captured and destroyed over 100 lodges and their entire outfit, comprising robes, munitions of warfare, etc., 2,420 horses and mules, of which 1,040 were at once killed. The bodies of four Indians who were killed were brought in. The loss of the troops was one soldier slightly wounded. Gen. MacKenzie is in pursuit, with thirty days' supplies. The U. S. Treasury architect says that the New York Post-Office building will be ready for post-office purposes on the 1st of January. Edward P. Sipler, in charge of the large circular saw at the Washington Navy Yard, while adjusting the guides of the saw, which was running at the rate of 800 revolutions a minute, missed his strike, and the weight of the hammer head carried him in front of the saw, which instantly cut off his head and his right arm. The few horror-stricken employees endeavored to render assistance, but another revolution cut his body in twain about the hips. In the mangling process the left arm was bared entirely, the flesh being torn off, and in other places hanging in shreds. A barn, with eight horses, was burned at Trenton, N. J. A notorious murderer, who had killed nearly a dozen men, was shot and killed at Brownsville, Texas. A border war between Texas and Mexico is threatened, and bandits are organizing on the Mexican side.

Fever is raging at Damascus, where 14,000 persons, including half the garrison, have been attacked by the disease. The second ballots in the French councilor districts complete the election for the Councils General. The following is the total result: Republicans elected, 672; Monarchists, 604; Bonapartists, 155. The Republicans have the majority in 38 councils, the Monarchists in 44, and in three departments the councils are equally divided. A severe engagement, which lasted ten hours, took place between the Republican army and 3,000 Carlists at Arioja di Navarra. The latter lost 50 killed and wounded, and withdrew to Estella. The Right Rev. Francis Patrick McFarland, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Hartford, embracing the State of Connecticut, died recently, aged fifty-six. He was born at Franklin, Pa., and was educated at St. Mary's College at Emmittsburg, Md. Mrs. Young, of Mount Carmel, Ill., went to Logansburg to collect some money said to be due her stepson from a Mrs. Donahoe, of the latter place. In a dispute which followed Mrs. Young shot Mrs. Donahoe with a pistol, inflicting a fatal wound.

The National Guard of New York State numbers about 25,000 men. The arrest of a gang of counterfeiters in Buffalo has developed the most extraordinary results. In addition to the seizure of highly finished plates and dies, the Secret Service officers secured the sum of a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars in spurious bills which were ready for circulation. Phelps, the New York State Treasury defaulter, was found guilty of forgery. Lord Ailesbury's Adventuriere won the Casarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, England. Two Carlist battalions are reported to have surrendered at Algorta. Others are also offering to surrender upon certain conditions. Gov. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, has decided that the execution of Udderzook, the murderer of Goss, must take place. John M. Davy was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Thirtieth New York District.

A letter-writer in the South says you cannot go on a cotton plantation in Alabama now without hearing the command: "Senator, start right smart to your cotton picking; Judge, you go and bring my horse round; or, Colonel, have a shoe put on that mule, right along."

Avarice O'erleaping Itself.

Not long since, while engaged in looking up interesting will cases in the English courts, I came across the case of John Eyre, Esq. This case was reported in connection with a criminal suit. Said Eyre, though worth, at the time, thirty thousand pounds, was tried and convicted upon charge of having stolen six quires of common writing paper, and sentenced to transportation; though I believe Lord Mansfield, after sentence, admitted him to bail, thus suffering him to escape punishment.

Archibald Eyre was uncle to this same John Eyre, and a man of large wealth. Age creeping on apace, he bethought him how he should dispose of his property. He had but one near relative on earth, and that was his nephew John, which nephew he did not like. He knew John's avariciousness, and he furthermore knew that John already had property enough of his own. Among Archibald's most intimate and highly esteemed friends was a poor clergyman, with a large family, named Enworth, and in favor of this man he made his will, leaving to him, save a few simple bequests, the whole of his vast wealth; and this will, duly signed, sealed, witnessed, and attested, was placed for safe keeping in the hands of an attorney who was of Enworth's parish.

Later, when grown weak both in mind and body, Archibald Eyre made another will, in favor of his nephew, who had of late been very attentive upon him; and in this will he left only five hundred pounds to Mr. Enworth.

In time Archibald Eyre died, and the first to overhaul his papers was his nephew John. This last will was found, and John, having suspicion of no other will, said to himself, "Why should this obscure clergyman have so large a sum? I am uncle's sole legitimate heir, and had he died intestate I should have inherited all." And with that he tore the will in pieces, and threw the pieces into the fire.

Shortly after the funeral Mr. Enworth, with his attorney, came to inquire how the estate of the deceased had been left. They found John on the premises, who said to them, with a touch of malignant triumph—

"There is no will, so I am heir and master."

"No will?"

"None."

"Are you sure?"

"Due search has been made, and we find that my venerated uncle died intestate."

And then Mr. Enworth produced the will which had first been made; and John Eyre, who would have robbed the poor clergyman of a pittance, found himself, by his own wicked act, stripped of a fortune. No wonder such a man would steal six quires of paper.

The Arrest of Von Arnim.

The arrest of Count Henry Von Arnim in Berlin is an event of so startling a character that without further information we shall not presume to explain it. Count Henry Von Arnim is one of the prominent statesmen of Germany. He signed the treaty with France at the close of the war. He was Minister to France in a time of peculiar embarrassment, and he showed the utmost loyalty and delicacy of feeling in that mission. But he quarreled with Bismarck, who disgraced him. He now proposes to vindicate himself in a publication, and Bismarck suddenly arrests him, seizes his papers, and locks him up in a police station. All this is extraordinary, and we wish Minister Brancroft, or some of the eulogists of the new Empire would explain it. We can understand how a statesman like Bismarck would, to use an American phrase, "have no nonsense" from his foes. But what shall we say of the freedom of a country which enables any minister, no matter how powerful, to send a rival minister to a police station like a common felon? When Voltaire left Berlin with a copy of Frederick's poems, which he meant to print, that great King had him arrested at Frankfort, and kept him under duress until he returned the volume. But this was done by an absolute King, at a time when kings were absolute, and, notwithstanding, it made a great scandal. The arrest of Von Arnim, a proceeding no less arbitrary than the arrest of Voltaire, takes place under a free empire, "much resembling the United States" in its laws and customs! —*New York Herald.*

No "Backbone."

The last wonderful story comes from across the water, and tells of an Irish woman who lost her bones! The victim, forty-five years old, was a patient in an insane asylum. For five years she was confined to her bed, complaining of no pain, but gradually becoming weaker, while dwindling in stature until she lost half her height. As the disease progressed, her limbs were coiled up in every possible shape, the bones becoming extremely light, soft, fragile, and atrophied in every respect. At death, all that was left of her skeleton, including the skull, weighed two pounds and a half. The number of fractures was prodigious. The ribs were in a hundred fragments. Had she lived a little longer, it was thought that not a vestige of a bone would have been left in her body. What ailed her no one could tell, the disease being almost unheard of and difficult to diagnose, treat, or even name.

The hair of a lady in Montpelier, Vt., turned white in a single night. She fell into a flour barrel.

Stealing Heaven's Livery.

The great Alcoholless Remedy, Vinegar Bitters, is everywhere driving pestiferous rum potions out of the market. That famous combination of the finest medicinal herbs on the continent of America is accomplishing such cures of diseases which affect the stomach, the liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the nervous system, that the grateful masses have adopted it as their Standard Specific. The various rum bitters have gone down before this pure vegetable antidote like tenpins before a well-aimed ball. The people have at length discovered that all the spirituous excitants are worse than shams—that both morally and medicinally they are inimical to the well-being and safety of the community. It won't do. The handwriting is on the wall! They are weighed and found wanting. Rum remedies are defunct, and Vinegar Bitters, the Universal Antidote, reigns in their stead.—*Com.*

Let the People Speak.

MANHATTAN, Kan., April 8, 1873.

R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines, but never had any occasion to extol one before.

Very truly yours,
GEO. B. WHITING.

Mrs. E. R. Daly, Metropolis, Ill., writes, Jan. 9th, 1873:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

Mary Ann Frisbie, Lehman, Pa., writes, May 29th, 1872:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills.—*Com.*

The Elmwood Collar is a novelty. It has all the edges folded, a fine cloth surface, and is the best fitting collar ever made.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The fact that five million of pairs of Silver Tipped Shoes are made a year, shows how those who use them feel about it. They know that they last three times as long.—*Com.*

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY. — Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial for coughs, colds and bronchial affections stands first in public confidence and favor. This result has been acquired after a test of many years.—*Com.*

To have good health the liver must be kept in order. Sanford's Liver Invigorator has become a staple family medicine. Purely vegetable —Cathartic and Tonic—for all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels; clears the complexion, cures sick-headache. Shun imitations. *Try Sanford's Liver Invigorator.—Com.*

DREKA'S DICTIONARY BLOTTER is a convenient blotter portfolio, with the addition and novelty of a very full list of words likely to be used by writers, who, to get the correct spelling of them, may often gladly avail themselves of this handy and ingenious assistant. A dictionary of synonyms, common christian names, a brief list of geographical names, and a perpetual calendar are added.

Ladies Desire what Men Admire.—And this little thing is Beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxurious head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady o thirty appear but twenty; and Lyon's Kathairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates Dandruff, and is the finest Hair Dressing in the world, and at only half ordinary cost. If you want to get rid of Sallowness, Pimples, Ring-marks, Moth-patches, etc., don't forget the Magnolia Balm. ladies.

Reward.—I will give $100 for any case of ash, bone or muscle ailment like Rheumatism, Bruise, Spavin, Strain or Lameness, upon either man or animal, which the Mexican Mustang Liniment will not cure when used according to directions. Near 30 years has proved it to be the most wonderful remedy for Neuralgia, Burns, Swellings, Enlarged Joints, Hoof Ail,